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* A glamorous cover feature. Courtesy: 'Beautiful' Magazine.
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ANITA SURENDRANATH

Anita, a petite, young sixteen-year-old student, born in Bombay, is the youngest in the family and a pet of all. In her final year at G. D. Somani School, she has won many drama and elocution competitions. Anita is looking forward to finishing school. After that she intends to complete her B.A. and also specialise in French and German languages.

Anita also takes great interest in the family business and spends most of her spare time and week-ends helping in it. "Very interesting as I get to know many people around," she says.

Swimming, tennis and all other outdoor sports interest her and of course modeiling — but only part time. Like most teenagers of today, Anita wishes to become an airhostess and travel around.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter.

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ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

this week

THE CALL OF THE HIMALAYAS

The Himalayas have challenged the adventurous from all lands, but the call seemed to be strictly for males. Not now, however. Intrepid women have shown that they too can face the hazards of mountaineering with the heroism and hardihood of a Tensing Norgay or Edmund Hillary.

Page 9

DURGA PUJA

Dusserah for the rest of India, it is Durga Puja for Bengalis, and it is their most important, exciting festival. In Calcutta especially, life is a year-long build-up to the frenzy of the "Puja". It is a colourful mixture of piety and gaiety and it is celebrated lavishly and with a unique devotion.

Page 15

CHILD PSYCHIATRIST

Problem children pose a tragic challenge to their unfortunate parents, and their psychosis may range from truancy and tantrums to downright criminal activities. And mere punishment is not the solution. It may even worsen the child's condition. Only the child psychiatrist can help, and Miss Nirja Kumar is one such in Delhi. Read all about the difficult kids she has handled and helped to make normal.

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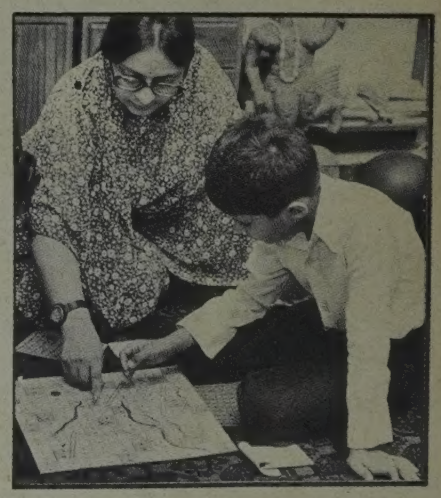

WOMEN L.I.C. AGENTS

Earning by selling life insurance is not exactly money for jam. It is a hard life calling for much leg work, monumental patience, and a flair for making friends. But the rewards are substantial and, even more than the material returns, the job satisfaction is immense. These dedicated women bring security and freedom from want for the many families whose bread winners they insure.

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ALSO

Knitting: to make a colourful cardigan/**page 21;** "To Begin Again", Part V of the new Mills and Boon Story/**page 22;** Film : Shabana, the "uninhibited puritan?"/**page 25;** Art dealers — husband and wife team/**page 37;** Young poets/**page 47.**

REGULAR FEATURES

People known and unknown/**19,** Fashions/**28,** Hiya Honey + Quiz No. 9/**31** Comics/**33,** Human Interest Story/**34,** Frankly Speaking/**37,** Cookery/**39,** Beauty/**49,** This week you you/**51,** People and Events/**52.**

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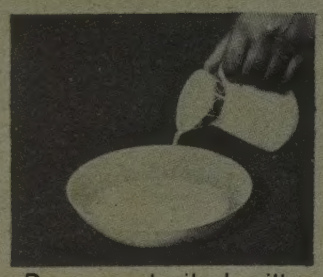

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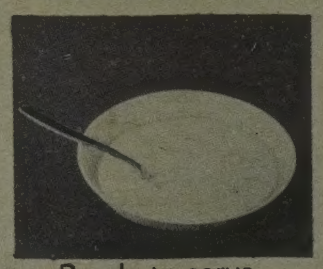

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1st prize

LOVING AND GIVING

Perhaps no single factor inspires, excites and inflames human emotions as much as religion. Religion has its roots in primitive man's awe of the unknown and the mysterious and was harnessed as he grew in intellect and knowledge, for the orderly conduct of life. It has become a powerful guiding force, capable of much good, but like all potent things turns explosive when treated thoughtlessly. Every major religion in the world is guilty of unleashing hatred and war, causing misery which its founder would abhor and condemn. The history of the world is replete with such instances. The latest atrocity of this kind was the one in Iran in which 377 innocent lives were lost in a most gruesome manner, all in the name of religion!

The distinctive ability of the human being is to reason; if we use this gift as we should, we will see that the core of all religions is love and kindness. Religion is not rites and observances, acts and facts. Religion consists in loving and giving — must Christ be crucified in every age?

Leela Ramaswamy, Bangalore

Whole wars have been fought in the name of religion and millions of lives sacrificed. If this human reasoning you talk of could indeed be applied to the various facets and norms of all religions, we could, perhaps, avoid hatred and bloodshed.

2nd prize

WOMAN'S CHOICE

I was both amused and horrified to read a recent report which revealed that the Government of India discourages abortion despite having legalised it in 1972! This anomaly springs from the fear that Indian society is still too conservative for abortion to be promoted as a family planning measure. What the Government should realise is that a woman with an unwanted pregnancy will usually terminate it, if not in an authorised manner then in an unauthorised way which endangers her life. This is amply proved by the fact that 25-40 p.c. of the gynaecology cases in the government hospitals are septic cases owing to induced abortions.

The Government should also encourage the view that as it is the woman who bears the child, it is up to her to choose the family planning measure. The Government itself should merely advertise, and make available, all the types possible. Unless it takes this pragmatic stand, its family planning scheme will never prove effective.

Mrs. P. Chandrayani, Bombay

A woman's right over her own body is something we have always emphasised in these columns and in our articles and features. It is imperative that women realise — and men acknowledge — the fact that it is the woman who must make a decision on this important aspect of her psysicality and general well-being.

3rd prize

THE DELINQUENT

Last year, during a storm, a huge branch of a flowering tree in our garden crashed down onto to the driveway blocking the entry into our house. A young boy, who looked hardly fourteen volunteered to chop it off and clear the compound — which he did with amazing speed and efficiency. Later he confessed to us that he was eighteen and a drop-out from school. He had always been called the ace crook of the locality!

Now he had turned over a new leaf and left his stealing habits thanks to the sincere efforts of our neighbour and his wife. Though their pleas to re-instate him in school were unsuccessful, their concern and affection for him had reformed him completely. As his father was quite well-off, the boy would not stick to any job. He could always come home to his three meals and some pocket money for his kidis. But he had definitely given up stealing. I could not help admiring the courage, unselfishness and faith in human nature required to change a juvenile delinquent into a truthful young citizen. Our neighbours deserve full marks for the quiet manner in which they have achieved success in their genuine social service scheme!

Parvati V. Menon, Madras

With each such incident coming to light, we feel certain that more than welfare organizations and government agencies, it is the common, ordinary people who can help young delinquents with their concern and care and understanding.

OLD FOGIES

Nowadays, when one talks about the age-old traditional customs and habits of our great-great grandpas and grandmas, I find that they are always condemned and ridiculed. No one ever seems to give a thought to the living conditions then. The older generation did what they thought right and suited them best. Those customs and habits may not suit us now, nor even seem sensible. So, agreed — leave it, if it doesn't suit you. But why ridicule our elders for that? All said and done, people in those days seemed to have been more contented, more determined and well-disciplined — something which is thoroughly lacking in our life today. Students had great respect for elders and teachers and they, in turn, were dedicated to their profession, in the truest sense. Even children, unlike now, seemed to be able to have a more enjoyable time and less of strain, in spite of the fact, that they, too, gave importance to education.

But what do we see today? Everywhere it is strikes and indiscipline in every form. The pity is, we are neither here nor there. Without doing anything concrete, it is just all talk, complaint and repugnance about those old, old days and old, old grandpas and grandmas. Isn't there really anything nice to say and appreciate about them?

Mrs. Veni Ramamurthy, Madras

Young people are suspicious of the oldies who keep on harping on the "good, old days". Some customs are charming, many traditions, solid — but we think most are useless and senseless and must be discarded.

NO WONDER

I think one of the saddest things about growing old, is not so much the loss of looks or libido, but the loss of one's sense of anticipation and wonder. Innured to almost all the facets of life and living, the little things in life are taken in one's stride. And, the joy that such things could once have afforded, are atrophied by casual acceptance. When I was a child, I could bite into a raw mango, or splash about in a puddle of water with so much glee. Now, it would give me the creeps. Going to a promised outing or a film-show, meant eyeing the clock every few minutes, and getting into a dither of anticipation. Now, it is just routine, that gives no kicks!

Maybe one can grow old gracefully. But I do wish I could also grow old with a heart that misses or adds a beat, over lifes' little things.

Hyma Bal, Tellicherry

It's up to you, isn't it? We know several old people who are so young at heart and have their fingers in so many pies, that they have no time to feel old or jaded. And it's not a question of merely jumping about or trying to outdo the young — it's an attitude of mind, we're talking about . . .

READER'S VOICE

EDUCATIONAL WEB

The September 2 issue of your magazine was interestingly informative. I especially enjoyed the article on "Tuitions: becoming a racket?" I myself am a victim of the educational web.

My 5½-year-old son is a student of the first std. and in spite of the fact that I am more than equipped to cope with his educational needs, we have employed a tuition teacher for him on the monthly fee of Rs. 120. This is no STATUS SYMBOL for me. If anything, it cuts a deep hole in our monthly income.

Nevertheless, I had to go in for it, if my son were to survive in the rat-race. To him, his teacher is God, and whatever I teach carries no weight. The same knowledge that his tuition teacher imparts to him, I am able to do in a clearer manner but the difference is that she is his teacher, whereas I am only his Mummy and to him the difference in monumental.

Jaya Murthy, Madras

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WOMEN RESPOND TO THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS

HIGH ADVENTURE IS NO LONGER A MALE MONOPOLY. WOMEN, TOO, HAVE TAKEN TO MOUNTAINEERING IN A BIG WAY

Maya C. Malani

Mountaineering is a sport for the enterprising. Like any other sport, it has its hazards, but these make it all the more exciting. Unlike in other sports, "there is no competition between people, in mountaineering," says Phiroza Irani, the student leader of the recent successful team to Harmukh. It is team spirit that counts. "Mountains bring out the real you," she asserts. Ranjana Samant, a member of the team who works in a bank, looks on mountaineering as a means of meeting different types of people.

All the ten interviewees agreed that the call of the mountains is irresistible. When the prospect of the snow-clad peaks and the music of the rivers and the wind lures you, you will always return for more. "It is like drug addiction," says Sushila Iyengar, who works as a lecturer and is also the honorary secretary of the Ladies Mountaineering and Trekking Club. To Sangita Mainkar, a student of Veterinary Science. "It is breaking away from normal living, roughing it out."

"With all the tension of collecting funds and the risk of accidents, I am tempted to give up, but after a while I return, fed up with city life," says Mrs. Lalita Oza, president and founder-member of the club. Mrs. Doreen Aranha, one of the older members, feels that "when you sit in your rocking chair, you should have some memories."

Children are no problem because "the amount of freedom you give, you get back," according to Mrs. Ragini Shah, an inaugural member. Mrs. Malti Bhansali, a freelance photographer, was introduced to this sport by her husband. On one expedition organised by the Maharashtra Trekking and Cultural Society, she left her tiny daughter Trupti behind with her mother.

The formation of the Ladies Mountaineering and Trekking Club has proved a boon for such women. "Before the formation of the Club, it was difficult to find out the nature and capacity of the women who wanted to join an expedition," says Mrs. Oza. Besides, it was not possible to bring the potential lady mountaineers of Maharashtra together. The club was formed on July 10, 1975 (the International Women's Year).

Its inaugural expedition to Deo Tibba (19,687 feet) in the Kulu was led by Mrs. Lalita Oza in Sept-Oct. 1975. The Tharkot (20,010 feet) expedition in Kumaon in May-June 1977 has been the only unsuccessful one. "It had to be abandoned due to the dangerous crevasses," says Lalita, a personnel inspector in the Western Railway. "These made it impossible to find a safe camp site above 18,500 feet," she concluded.

The other hazards of mountaineering are snow blizzards and avalanches.

The Indian Mountaineering Foundation ensures that not more than one team should be on a mountain at a time. Besides, it is necessary to inform the tehsildar of the area so that he can send help in case of danger.

Women have to be prepared to rough it out. "If they are finicky, mountain climbing is not for them," according to Phiroza.

Above the snowline, i.e. 12,000 feet there is no water. You have

Triumph after travail. Girls atop the Saptasringi.

to melt snow. When you have periods, you have to make do with toilet paper unless you melt the cold snow. However, unless you normally have difficulty with your "chum," there is no problem. Some people take tablets to postpone them. But according to Sangita, "They make you feel weak, so it is better to do without them."

In any case, generally only a week is spent above the base camp, up to which there is water. "It is often too cold for baths, so you have to forego them," says Phiroza. "There are times when washing your clothes is an agony. Besides, the food is generally simple vegetarian fare, unless you carry tins or happen to get meat or eggs from the locals."

Incidentally, the locals, according to Sangita, are still "amazed" when they meet an all-woman team. Nevertheless, in her experience of 16 years that Lalita has had, there has been no untoward incident. "We do not feel we are the weaker sex," she says emphatically.

Sushma Mahajan, a student who has been on the Tharkot expedition, feels that "men tend to think that women can't take mountaineering seriously." But this is not true.

The club has 22 life members and 60 ordinary members. It is open to women of all ages. It has a regular library and slide shows. Local hikes, rock climbing courses and high altitude treks are organised along with mountain climbing expeditions.

It is not very costly to go on a local hike. The membership fee is Rs. 10 per year for ordinary members and Rs. 100 for life members. All you need is a pair of hunters (climbing shoes), a ruck sack and return train fare. Members generally carry their own lunch. Ranjana Samant and Shaila Raikar, two middle-class members, consider Rs. 50-60 for a four-day hike reasonable.

Last year, during Diwali, the club organised its first rock-climbing course, which is now a regular feature at Kanheri caves. Previously it was the Rashtriya Seva Dal which conducted these courses. Ranjana Samant is the only lady instructor. The others are all men because rescuing a person who is dangling by a rope (belaying) requires strength.

The Indian Mountaineering Foundation makes it compulsory to take a guide or a Sherpa, who are generally males. Porters are also needed to carry loads, otherwise progress would be slow. It is normally difficult to do more than 1500-2000 feet per day. The equipment weighs nearly 100 kg. and the food 200 kg. for a moderate expedition. There are mules which carry upto 40 kg. but they often throw off the load. The high altitude porters, who are generally men, carry upto 30 kg. There are women porters, who carry as much, but they are very few.

Continued on page 17

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MY HIMALAYAN TREK

A daring young woman narrates her adventures during a Himalayan trek organised by the Youth Hostels Association of India

Thrity Marker

No mountain in the world captures the imagination as do the Himalayas. But an average person finds it difficult to afford the expense of a trek among these magnificent peaks. So, despite their growing popularity, the mightiest mountain range in the world still remains an area of wonder and mystery to millions in our country. But over the past few years a number of States have organised trekking expeditions. Several such trekking programmes have been organised by the Youth Hostels Association of India, New Delhi (YHAI) under its "Know Your Himalayas" programme.

This year this programme attracted more than 1,000 participants from all over the country. Each programme lasts for about a fortnight, inclusive of three days stay at the base camp at Kishtwar. Here the participants are initiated into the art of high altitude trekking, orientation and acclimatisation (walks and physical training) and elementary rock climbing.

The two treks offered are: Kishtwar — Margon Pass—Cynthen Pass and back to Kishtwar, a circular trek, and an optional route: Kishtwar — Brahma Peak Base — Kishtwar.

I opted for the Brahma trek. May 15 dawned and I hurriedly packed a small suitcase with two cotton shirts, jeans, woollen jerseys, socks, water-bottle, lunch-box, Iodex, cold-cream and a note book. And of course an extra pair of laces for my Bata Hunter shoes. The Y.H.A.I. was to provide us with rucksacks, blankets and sleeping bags at the highest camp.

TO THE BASE CAMP

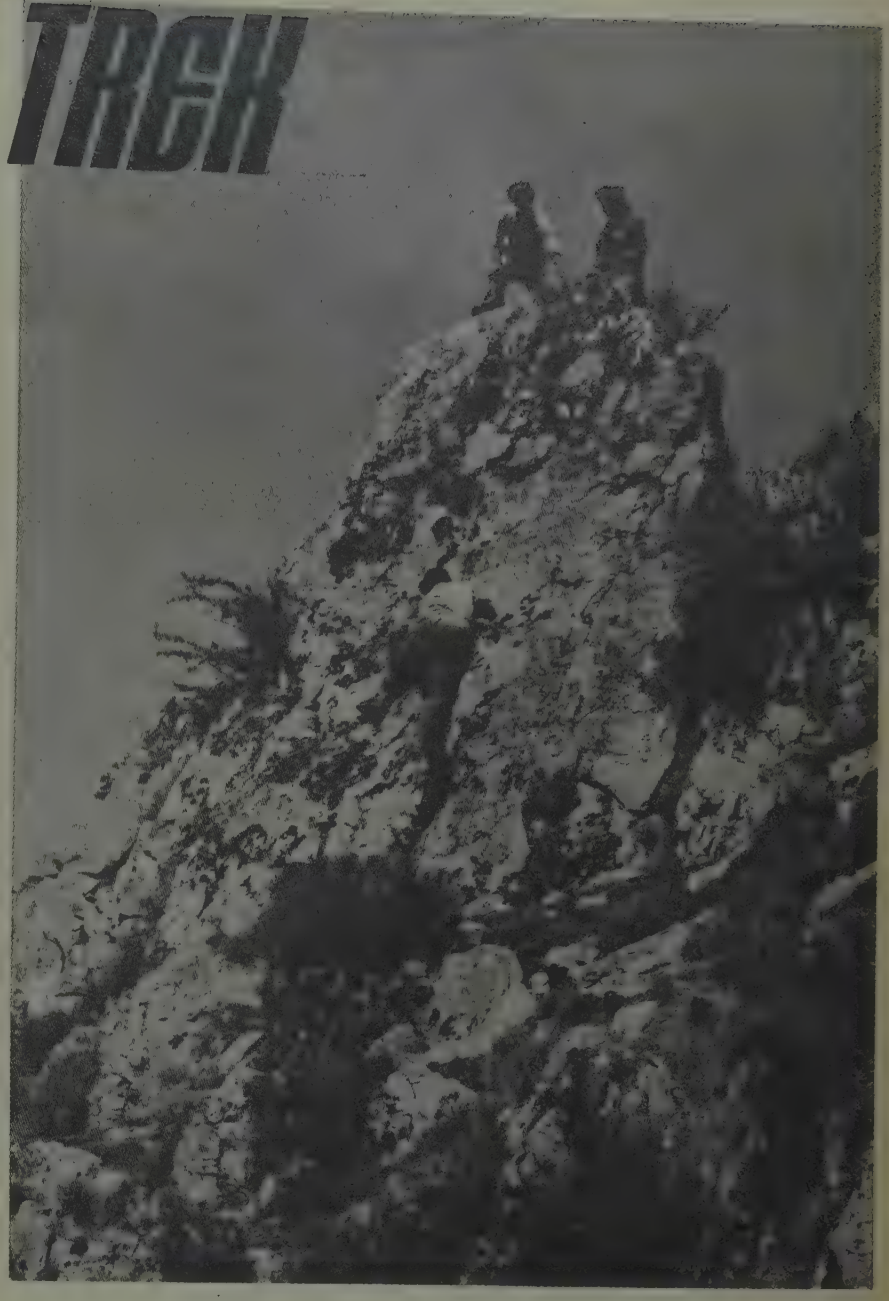
The Y.H.A.I. had arranged hill concessions. We were asked to report at the base camp, Kishtwar, which is a full day's journey by bus from Jammu. I met a few trekkers in the Srinagar Express train.

We arrived late at night and were surprised to see tents with fancy names like Nun-kun, Sickle Moon, all named after peaks. Brig. Gyan Singh, who led an expedition to the Everest, was there to welcome us. Also Mr. Kapoor, a teacher at Spring Dales, Mr. Sharma, the rock-climbing instructor and the quiet but live-wire Mr. Naresh Sharma of Y.H.A.I.

There was an open kitchen and we helped ourselves to some hot soup. There were half a dozen cooks preparing chapattis.

For the next three days there was time to recover from the tiresome journey, make new friends. Early morning Brig. Gyan Singh used to blow his whistle and we were given our bed tea. It was all military discipline around there. After a brief orientation lecture, we were marched off to do an hour's P.T. and jogging. It reminded me of the movie "Enter the Dragon" with all those jerks.

The Brigadier gave us some interesting lectures on the hazards of mountain climbing. We were told to greet strangers on the way as they might be helpful, also to be careful of a loaded mule, how to avoid an avalanche and exposed roots, how to avoid lightning and, of course, the correct technique of walking, which is very important — a steady pace, not too fast not too slow. The walking should synchronise with the breathing and one should bend slightly when the way is steep.



ABOVE: Climbing peaks is not for the timid: a girl on her way to the top with the help of a rope.

LEFT: Pic. shows (from left) Mr. I. Kapoor (Spring Dales School), Mr. Sharma (rock climbing instructor), Vicky Sahni, Sudha, Sanaya, Brig. Gyan Singh, Mr. Naresh Sharma (Y.H.A.), Nalini Dave. (Seated) Saleha, Thrity, Sunanda, Geeta, Prathiba and Rashme.

In the evening there was time to visit the local Kishtwar market to buy honey and saffron. Kishtwar is known best as the land of the exotic saffron and the best and costliest blue sapphire.

At night we sat around the campfire, as the P.T. instructor in his comic-looking cap entertained us. He shouted "Changla, changla, lai changla.

Good, good, very good."

And his own composition :

"Jara campmey aahkey dekho,
Jara ruck sack uthakey dekho,
Jab cook ko aata ghussa,
Milta aloo ke russa."

We were served with a slice of tinned pineapple.

Next morning we went for rock climbing. It was a steep walk with our rucksacks on our backs. We came to a high hill without knowing we'd have to perform circus acts there. We were to be tied with a rope at our waists and made to climb. We took up the challenge and managed to do it.

We returned in time for a lecture by the forest officer. He gave us a brief history of Kishtwar. Next to Pompur in Kashmir, Kishtwar is the only place in India where saffron is grown. Emperor Jehangir in his memoirs, "Tuzki Jehangir" speaks highly of the saffron of this place which surpasses all others in quality and fragrance.

With the declaration of the Batote-Kishtwar road as a National Highway, touring and trekking facilities should improve and increase rapidly.

KISHTA-PALMAR

The trek began on the fourth day. We started for Palmar, a 14-kilometre distance, with some steep climbs and descents. We set off early in the morning. We were advised to walk in single file. After five kilometres of

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walking, we reached Bandarkote, a local lumbering base.

From places further away logs are transported on the river Marwah to Bandarkote from where they are taken by truck to Jammu. Eighty per cent of the logs are recovered and 20 per cent lost or stolen by villagers. After a long walk we came to a desert-like plateau — all dry and bare — where we camped at a height of 5,900 feet.

PALMAR-EKHALA

The first real test came on the 14-kilometre Palmar-Ekhala stretch. On the way we met some nomads. They were members of the Gujjar tribe who are always on the move with their herds of cattle. They had two precocious killer dogs to guard them and their cattle. One postman was bitten by one of these dogs and had to take anti-rabies injections. They wanted some medicine from us. These people, who live in remote regions, have heard of the wonders of modern drugs and regard every tourist they come across as a doctor, and all who are ill ask him for medicines.

We climbed on and on, higher and higher, with only loose roots to hold on to and shaky rock. On one side down below rushed the river Marwah in all its fury. The thought of bears frightened me. Suddenly we found ourselves in a strange, dark forest, its trees festooned with a kind of Spanish moss. The ascent was very steep. Luckily for us, the angle eased and we found ourselves on a narrow path. We smiled for the self-timed camera of Paras Bose.

Now our thoughts turned to getting down to that world of green foliage and warm sun we had left behind. But we had more mountains to climb. The whole of my party was addicted to tea. There were two tea shops en route. The physical strain was enormous and within one week my weight had gone down.

We reached Ekhala where our forest hut was situated. We were welcomed by Shakti Poddar, the camp leader, who immediately started telling us all his adventures during his world tour on a Hind cycle. He was only second to the world record of Misrlal Jaiswal who completed it in eight years.

Soaking my fatigue-wracked feet in a stream of cold water I enjoyed an interlude of relaxation. Ravi Gupta, a doctor at Safdarjung Hospital, attended to our blisters. He gave us a lecture on the flora and fauna of the area. The forests of the division comprise the Western-Himalayan conifers like deodar kail and fir. Deodar is exploited for its excellent quality as timber.

Wild life has been diminishing because of indiscriminate hunting by poachers. The most distinctive deer of this region is the Haugul or Kashmir stag. Also the Musk deer or Kastura which has the gland secreting the costly musk just beneath the skin of its abdomen. Other animals found in this region are the ibex, snow leopard and markhor.

EKHALA-SONDER

Ekhala to Sonder is a pleasant but tiring 20-km trek, practically the entire route being a bridle path. We crossed a number of nullahs, sometimes over a single rickety log, constantly drenched with water. A slip could mean a cold, wet dunking.

By the bank of the river stood a tea stall which, I can tell you, we were all happy to see. After we had had a cup or two of kahva (Kashmiri tea) we began to feel almost good-humoured. We were joined by a local trader who had a number of mules carrying rations.

In the early afternoon, we entered the very pretty village of Sonder, with its terrace plantations in the foreground. At tea time we got channa gur and some peanuts. It was the same routine of camp-fires at night. A villager brought me a sheet of the bhojpatra, the bark of the birch tree which in olden times was used to write upon.

SONDER-NANTNALA

Early next morning we packed a lunch of puris and potatoes and set off. We first crossed the midlands with their fields of rice. We passed through many small villages en route and forged a few swift flowing streams. One of the girls felt giddy and fell down and cut her forehead. A lady doctor in our group put two stitches and rushed her to the hospital at Sirshi where she was given an anti-tetanus injection.

We crossed the river Marwah and followed a zigzag path through a stretch of fields, about three km. long leading to breath-taking forests of wild walnut trees. These walnuts are used for making soap.

There was no tea shop en route. At one of our resting places, we met some Paharis with strong, rugged faces. They were accompanied by a rather unattractive looking dog called Tempo. One man carried a few pairs of straw slippers.

After crossing a number of snow banks we reached Nantnala where our tents were pitched. The water that flowed into the river below was so cold, one felt one's hands might freeze if one touched it.

NANTNALA-BRAHMA

After an overnight stay we left for Brahma. Sudha and I lagged behind and lost track of the others. We were told by a porter to keep to the river, as high up in the jungles there were bears. On the way we passed a number of birch trees. A Pathan came by with his herd of goats, so we asked him where our camp was situated. He seemed quite astonished to see us two girls. He asked me a number of embarrassing questions before showing us the way. He was indeed surprised that girls should go through so much hardship.

As we approached our camp, we saw the magnificent white summit of the Brahma towering on our right. A pretty little tale is associated with the Brahma peak. A short distance away is a glacier where, according to a local legend, water runs down a stream three times a day from a nearby fall and goes back up again, as if in homage to Brahma the Creator. The local people call it the "Trisandhya."

The two main peaks Brahma I and Brahma II have beaten back many an expedition until climbed by the noted British mountaineer, Chris Bounington, in 1973.

We camped on the grassland. That night there was a hail storm, but in the morning the sun broke through the dense clouds and mist. We set out to a nearby glacier. A skiing instructor guided us.

We had a good night's sleep in our sleeping bags and would have liked to stay a day more, but rations were running short and the only way to replenish them was slow transport by mules and porters.

The walk back of 75 kilometres was not much of a strain as we descended down the slopes. Occasionally there were climbs, but by now we were experienced trekkers. The scenes looked a bit different and at times we even lost the track.

When I reached the base camp I was thrilled as a pleasant surprise awaited me. A few of us were asked to stay on for a Films Division documentary called 'Himalayas Calling'. That gave me the chance to do the other trek route, Margon-Synthen.

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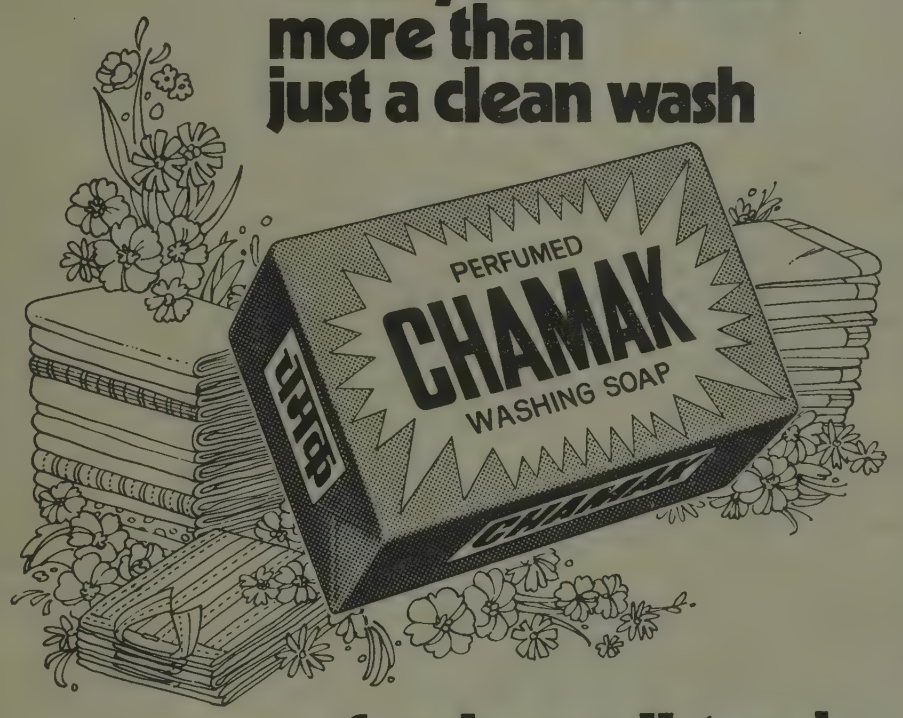

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Photographs: R. N. Prasad

DURGA PUJA: PIETY AND GAIETY

Alpana Chowdhury

In Calcutta, life is a year-long build-up to the frenzy of the Puja

For Bengalis, **Durga Puja** is the greatest event of the year, for it means holidays, bonus, new clothes, fun and festivity. It is said that Asur (from the lower world) had gained too great a control over many of the heavenly kingdoms. In despair, the gods approached Vishnu who advised them to seek the help of Shakti. On hearing their prayers Shakti, in the form of Durga, defeated Asur, using ten different **Astras** (weapons).

The festival is in one sense, therefore, a celebration of the victory of good over evil. Originally this celebration took place in the month of **Chaitra** (around March-April). Later, according to legend, Rama, when he could not conquer Ravana, did an emergency **Durga Puja** in the month of Ashvin, (September-October). Today it is celebrated with aplomb in the month of **Ashvin**, though a minor **puja** is also done in **Chaitra**. The celebrations span five days, beginning on **sashti** (the sixth day) (which falls this year on Oct. 7) and ending on **dashami** (the tenth day which coincides with **Dashera**). Prayers are said on the five days prior to **sashti** to welcome Durga. The prayers begin on **Mahalaya** day and A.I.R. broadcasts a special programme of prayers and hymns on this day at four o'clock in the morning.

It is also said that these five days of celebration are the days Durga spends at her mother's place, accompanied by her children. Being a mother figure herself, she is usually referred to as Ma Durga.

Weeks before **Durga Puja** one can feel the excitement and sense of anticipation in the city of Calcutta. The shops are brightly and colourfully decorated, displaying their best, and enticing people to be extravagant. New pavement shops spring up all over the place — these are set up by the refugees who migrate from the suburbs to the city to earn a quick buck during this time of lavish spending. Banners announcing special discounts flutter over the entrances of shops. Some shops even obtain special permission to remain open till ten o'clock at night. There is a tremendous rush in the favourite shopping areas like Gariahat and New Market. Ladies get busy visiting tailors before they stop accepting orders (which they do a whole month in advance!). Gifts for the whole family have to be bought and also sent to those members living outside Calcutta. Young girls and children count with eagerness their new clothes and excitedly show them off to each other.

I remember, as children, my mother would never allow us to to make new dresses during the year. All the cloth bought would be stored for **Durga Puja** when we would step out in a new dress every morning and even

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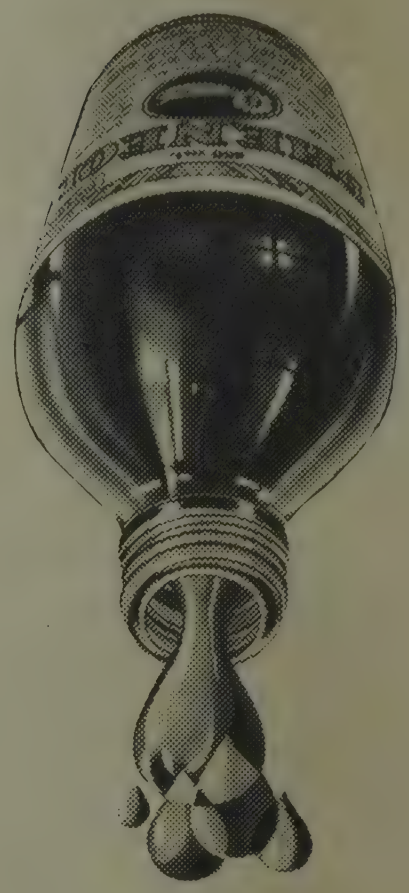

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DURGA PUJA

ing, for five days. On an average, each member of a fairly well-to-do house gets about four new sets of clothes. Even the poorest person has at least one new set. Employers are expected to provide their domestic servants with new clothes at this time of the year.

The whiff in the air indicating that **Puja** is round the corner is strengthened with the appearance of **chanda** collectors. **Chanda** is the donation towards the publicly performed puja. **Durga Puja,** today, is generally a **sarvajanik** affair. People of a locality come together, from a **Puja** committee and celebrate this festival unitedly. Earlier large private houses would organize pujas in their own homes, but this practice is getting rarer with the rising prices.

The minimum **chanda** one pays is Rs. five but in Calcutta one has to donate to at least five different centres, because almost each street and bylane organizes a **Puja** of its own. Often the **chanda** is forcefully taken and harassment by the local **goondas** is not unknown.

In places other than Calcutta, where the Bengali population is smaller, there are only a handful of centres where the **Durga Puja** is performed. Each of these therefore, draws a larger crowd than each centre of Calcutta does. Most Bengalis will agree that one enjoys the actual **Puja** far more in the other cities because of this. At these centres one gets the opportunity to meet many old friends.

What happens at these gatherings, at the puja **mandabs?** In the mornings there are **anjalis** which are offerings of prayers, flowers, fruits and sweets to the goddess, by people, fresh from their baths and dressed in freshly washed (generally new) clothes to make this offering. In the afternoons, **bhog** (the lunch cooked for Ma Durga) is served to the people. But nowadays most centres serve **bhog** only on **ashtami** (the eighth day) as they cannot afford to serve it to all the people everyday. Outside Calcutta it is still served almost everyday. In Calcutta, greater emphasis is laid on the **decoration** of the **mandab.**

In the evenings **arati** is performed before the gods. It is a highly stylized affair. Dancers balance clay pits of burning incense on their foreheads, palms, chests and mouths, and dance to the tune played by the **dhak** players. A peak of near frenzy is reached as the drums beat faster and faster and the dancers with their glistening bodies keep pace with them.

After **arati,** entertainment programmes are presented. These draw greater crowds than the **Puja** itself. People dress in their finest attire and quite a grand "fashion parade" can be witnessed. In Calcutta all the centres cannot afford to have entertainment programmes. In the other cities, most of the **Puja** centres present some kind of programmes every evening. Plays, songs, dances, skits, magic shows and other such items are arranged. Bengalis, living away from Bengal, thus get an opportunity to come culturally in contact with one another. These cultural items range from amateur presentations to professional performances. Often groups from Calcutta are invited to perform and Bengalis look forward to these with much enthusiasm. The **Jatra** is specially very popular.

Rehearsing together for these programmes make the otherwise scattered Bengalis come together and experience a feeling of oneness. Of course the reverse also happens sometimes, when disagreement about the nature of the items leads to bickering and factionalism.

As in almost all other spheres of Indian life, films and film music play a not negligible role and this is frowned upon by many who feel films taint the **Puja** atmosphere.

In Calcutta the making of the **pratimas** (idols) and the decorations of the **mandabs** occupy a place of supreme importance. A competition among the larger centres takes place in this connection. In trying to be different many experiments are carried out. **Pratimas** have been skilfully made out of coir, beads, sugarcane, lentils, bamboo, wax, shells, etc. People have now started wondering when **pratimas** will be carved out of smoke! The **mandabs** are also illuminated and decorated in an extravagant manner. On the last day (sometimes later) judges declare the ones that have been most ingeniously made and decorated as the winners.

The centres which display such artistic ingenuity become spots of attraction and thousands of people go around the city in buses, trams and even on foot to view them. Special arrangements are made for public transport services to be extended till midnight.

Of course, all this detracts attention from the main **Puja** ceremony. More time and money seems to be spent on arranging all these superficial aspects than on performing the rituals of the **Puja** carefully. The cost of the entire celebrations can range from two-three thousand rupees to ten-fifteen thousand rupees. The budget of a few of the prestigious localities even touches a lakh of rupees! It makes one wonder if the money would not be better utilized if **bhog** arrangements would be made everyday, since a large percentage of the people hail from the poorer classes and look forward to **bhog** with relish.

On the final day, Ma Durga goes back to her **sasural.** She and her children are carried in trucks (which are often illuminated with individual generators) and immersed in the Ganga (sometimes in lakes or ponds). Before the immersion **arati** is performed before her, and at this moment many women have tears in their eyes as their identification with her is very intense. Then to the mellow tune of the **dhak** players, she is gently lowered into the water. With this all the excitement comes to an end and people go back to the daily routine of their humdrum lives.

WOMEN RESPOND TO THE CALL OF THE MOUNTAINS

Continued from page 9

Mountaineering enthusiasts have to undergo training at any one of the recognised institutes at Uttar Kashi, Manali and Darjeeling. There are 25-30 girls in the basic course and ten in the advanced course. The training includes stamina building, carrying weights (15-18 kg), snow craft, ice craft and rescue operations. "Only 25 per cent of the girls sent for training are tough enough to cope," says Lalita.

For students, the cost of training is subsidised to the extent of 50 per cent by the University. With 50 per cent concession on train fare and the subsidy of Rs. 50 that the club gives, the total cost works out to a mere Rs. 250. Besides, there is the Arora-Prabhu Memorial scholarship for a deserving student who excels in the course.

According to her, it is not necessary to be an athlete to take up mountaineering. Many of the members have been "bookworms" in the past. But "acclimitisation is necessary as the oxygen content is low at high altitudes," in Sangita's opinion. However Phiroza feels that in most cases, the ills of high altitudes such as giddiness, nausea, headaches and loss of appetite are psychological. She also deplores the attitude of feigning fatigue at lower levels to conserve energy for the summit. "Don't get obsessed with the summit," she warns, "or you'll be miserable."

A Himalayan trek or expedition is like a three-week holiday costing between Rs. 300 and Rs. 500. Central and State government employees get special leave of 30 days in a year for the purpose. A high altitude trek needs nearly as much organisation as an expedition. "An expedition is more satisfying," says Phiroza.

"It is difficult to get good maps," according to Sangita. For this the Ladies Mountaineering and Trekking Club has to approach other clubs such as the Himalayan Club and the Climbers' Club. An expedition costs between Rs. 15,000 and Rs. 25,000. Twenty per cent of this is given by the Indian Mountaineering Foundation and the rest has to be collected by way of donations in cash or kind (shoes, provisions, etc.)

The Ladies Mountaineering and Trekking Club provides the equipment (tents, ice-axes, crampons, wind-proof and leather jackets, sleeping bags and air mattresses). Lalita hopes the Maharashtra National Sports Fund, which used to contribute in the past, does so again.

"Mountaineering helps to build up organising capacity, courage, team spirit, discipline and sacrifice," she says. It is not always possible to take all the members to the summit. In such cases, "you have to allow the fittest ones to go up, while the others stay behind."

Members also develop interest in flora and fauna, painting and photography.

Besides, it gives an insight into the life of the villagers. How many of us know that there is an acute shortage of doctors above 4000-5000 feet! Lalita recalls the instance of a six-month old baby at Osla who had not passed motion for five days, but was left unattended because of shortage of medical help. The doctor accompanying the team (the IMF insists on it) treated it.

It is obvious that the popularity of mountaineering is increasing among women. On June 2 and 4, the six-member team led by Phiroza Irani scaled one of the five peaks in the Harmukh massif (16,800 feet). On June 15, another team of five members led by Mrs. Lalita Oza left to scale the 17,000 feet high Saptasringi peak in the Garhwal Himalayas.

This is the first time that two expeditions of the Ladies Mountaineering and Trekking Club have been undertaken in the same year. It seems appropriate that mountaineering should receive an impetus in the Silver Jubilee year of Everest climbing. It was twenty-five years back on May 29, 1953 that Tensing and Hillary first set foot on Mt. Everest; and it is booked by the Indian Mountaineering Foundation for women for 1982!

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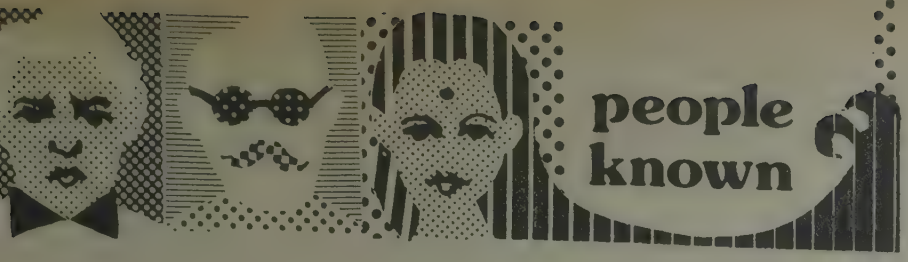


Even an Empress cannot be in two places at the same time, but if reports are to be believed, Empress **Farah Diba** of Iran has achieved the impossible.

According to a West German paper "Bild Zeitung", the Empress has fled her country along with two of her children and is taking refuge in the "fortress-like villa" of her sister-in-law in Majorca. The

Shah of Iran's wife reportedly left her country before the renewed violence that erupted around Sept. 9. and left 11 dead.

The report also added that the Crown Prince stayed back in Teheran to help the Shah in controlling the law and order situation.

Meanwhile, the Paris news agency of Teheran has reported that Farah paid a surprise visit to the cancer ward of one of the hospitals in the city and spent the better part of her morning there.

Only a statement from the Empress herself can decide the validity of either report. But whatever the fact, it might be in the Empress's personal interest for her to leave her country at least for a while. Her role as reformer, where the status of women in Iran is concerned, has made her quite unpopular with the exasperated Muslims seeking to impose stricter observance of Islamic laws, and they just might aim some of their violence at the progressive Empress.

* * *

Though his "running days" are far behind him, **Milkha Singh**, the "Flying Sikh", continues to involve himself with Indian sports at many levels. Obviously disappointed with the performance of the Indian team at the Edmonton Commonwealth Games, Milkha Singh has called for a high level enquiry into the cause of such repeated fiascos.

At a press conference Milkha Singh alleged that all was not above board where the selection of international teams was concerned. The performances of the players at most international meets was so much poorer than what they put up during the selection trials, he said, that "anybody would be forced to draw unpleasant conclusions." "Obviously something is wrong

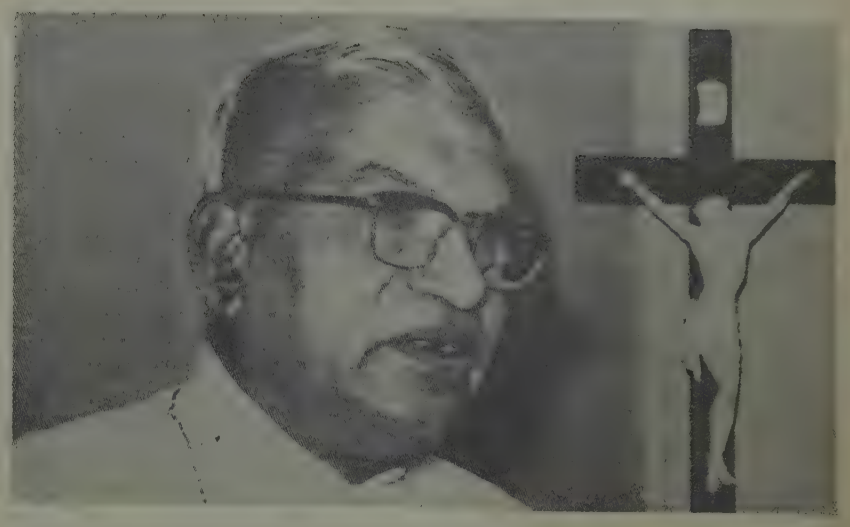
somewhere," he added, and expressed doubts about the timings maintained and the possibilities of doped athletes.

Pressing home his charges, Milkha Singh has urged some responsible association like the Amateur Athletics Federation of India to make a thorough probe into the whole matter.

Milkha Singh has raised a valid point, and a mystifying one. Specially for someone like him, it is hard to understand how the same individual can come up with one kind of performance at the selection trials and another kind at the actual games. Milkha Singh never had any problems repeating his successes of the trials at the finals too.

* * *

"For decades he served society and bought solace and peace in times of crises. The



'numan understanding he perceived and preached will serve as an inspiration in years to come." The words of the resolution passed by the Bombay regional council of the Janata Party to mourn the death of Valerian Cardinal Gracias were indeed apt. The Cardinal had in his years of office endeared himself to his people through the understanding and love he had shown for all.

Cardinal Gracias was the first Indian to become Archbishop of Bombay and also the first Indian to become a Cardinal.

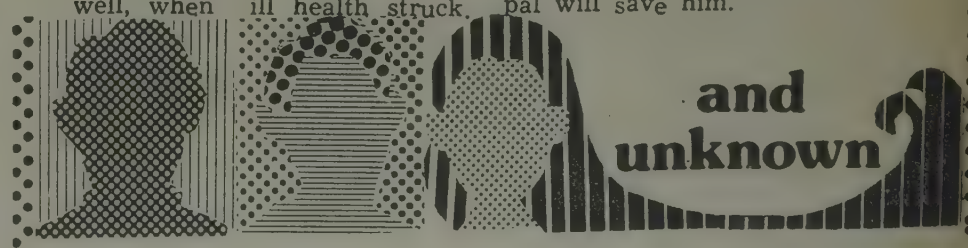
* * *

For ex-Nepalese Prime Minister **B.P. Koirala,** the past year has been a shuttle between the proverbial devil and the deep blue sea. First there was the trial he had to face to clear himself of the six charges of treason brought against him. He was acquitted of five of these and there was one more hearing left, and a sedition charge to be faced as well, when ill health struck.

On humanitarian grounds the ex-P.M. was allowed to leave his country, and visit India, and then the U.S. for treatment.

But, now that the treatment is over and there is no immediate danger to his health, the long arms of the

law have engulfed Koirala again. If he clears both the remaining charges, the long nightmare will end finally. If not only a change of heart on the part of the judicial authorities and the King of Nepal will save him.



"Love has a thousand faces," a poet said. Where Erin Ryne of Atlanta, U. S. A. is concerned, love has at least two.

This young woman, one of the fans of the late singing sensation Elvis Presley, decided that the only way to satisfy her love for the dead idol was to look like him. Undaunted by the pain and the self-denials involved, Erin has taken up the job of transforming her face to a likeness of Elvis. The series of plastic surgery operations involved will, in due course of time, transform her into the first female double of Elvis Presley, at least as far as looks go.

While Erin may feel fulfilled after the transformation, she might have a new problem to face ...her face might inspire other Presley fans to make her an object of their love...and it will need the mind and heart as well as the face of Elvis to put up with that.

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MAN APPEAL!

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Materials: Raymond's Knitting yarn Cashmilon 4 ply: 7 balls White, 4 balls Blue, 4 balls Purple (25 grams each); crochet hook no. 12.

Measurements: Length 59 cms., chest 91.5 cms., sleeve seam 44 cms.

Abbreviations: ch. = chain; tr. = treble; sts. = stitches; rep. = repeat; dc. = double crochet; dbl. tr. = double treble; trip. tr. = triple treble; tog. = together; ch. sp. = chain space; s.s. = slip stitch; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; alt. = alternately; beg. = beginning.

BACK

With White yarn work a row of 108 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn (107 sts.).

2nd row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd row twice more, 1 ch., turn.

5th row: 1 dc. in each of first 3 tr., * 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., 1 dbl.tr. in each of next 2 tr., 1 trip. tr. in each of next 2 tr., 1 dbl. tr. in each of next 2 tr., 1 tr. in each of next 2 tr., 1 dc. in each of next 3 tr., rep. from * to end, 1 ch., turn.

6th row: 1 dc. in each st. to end, leave White yarn, join Purple yarn.

7th row: 2 ch., (for 1 tr.), 1 tr. in each of next 2 dc. but retain last loop of each on hook, thread over hook and draw through all loops (2 tr. worked together), * 1 tr. in each of next 5 dc., (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in next dc., 1 tr. in each of next 5 dc., work next 2 tr. tog. (retain last loop of each on hook, thread over hook and draw through all loops) rep. from * to end, leave Purple yarn and join Blue yarn.

8th row: 2 ch. (for 1 tr.), 1 tr. at base of 2 ch. together with 1 tr. in next st. (2 tr. tog.), * 1 tr. in each of next 5 tr., (1 tr., 1 ch., 1 tr.) in next 1 ch. sp., 1 tr. in each of next 5 tr., next 3 tr. tog. (work 1 tr. in centre of 2 tr. worked together in previous row, and next tr.) rep. from * to end.

This row forms the pattern. Rep. last row in White, Purple and Blue yarns respectively, till work measures 39 cms. from lower point.

Shape Armholes: Keeping continuity of colours and pattern work 1 s.s. in each st. along the pattern to next 1 ch.sp., work in pattern till last 1 ch.sp., s.s to end.

Next row: Dec. 1 st. at each end of every row till 13 sts. (including s.s. of armhole shaping) have been dec. at each end. Continue straight till work measures 17 cms. from start of armhole shaping, ending with a row worked in Blue yarn.

Next row: With White yarn work 1 row of dc., working 2 dc. in each 1 ch. sp.

Turn and work 1 row as the 5th row worked at lower edge, turn and work 1 row of dc., fasten off.

FRONT

Work the White border and next 3 rows of pattern in Purple, Blue and White to match back. Continue in pattern but work 3 portions separately, having 30 sts. at each side and remaining sts. for centre portion. Work for next 15 rows (end with White pattern row), then again work in one piece till work matches back to armholes, working 21 centre sts. of last row as: 6 dc., 2 tr., 2 dbl. tr., 2 trip. tr., 2 dbl. tr., 2 tr. 5 dc.

Shape Armhole and Neck: Work separately on each side of the centre 21 sts. which are to be worked in White, keeping inside edge straight, shape armholes to match back.

Work 15 rows from commencement of armhole shaping, then shape neck by dec. 10 sts. along pattern at neck edge in next row, then continue straight in pattern till work matches back at shoulder, complete shoulder to match shoulder at back, fasten off.

Similarly work and complete the other side to match first side reversing shapings.

Pocket Band: With White yarn work 32 dc. across the pocket edge of the centre portion.

Work one more row of dc., 2 rows of tr. and 1 row of dc., fasten off.

Work similarly on the other edge of centre portion.

Work similarly on each of the other 2 inner edges for lining of pocket, but when working on the second edge, continue in rows of tr. till the piece is long enough to reach the other first band worked at back for lining. Join them and fasten off.

Sleeves:

With White yarn work a row of 56 ch., turn.

Work 2 rows of tr. as for back.

3rd row: Work as 5th row for back.

4th row: Work the row in dc. to end.

Continue in pattern of Purple, Blue and White as for back, inc. 1 st. at beg. of every row till there are 90 sts.

Continue straight till sleeve measures 44 cms.

Shape top: s.s. over 9 sts. as before, work in pattern to last 9 sts., turn, s.s. to end.

Continue in pattern, dec. 3 sts. at each end of every row till 18 sts. remain.

Next row: In White s.s. over 2 sts., 2 dc., 2 tr., 2 dbl. tr., 2 trip. tr., 2 dbl. tr., 2 tr., 1 dc., fasten off.

White piece for front:

With White yarn work 1 tr. in each of the 21 sts. at centre front.

Continued on page 37

Photograph: Farokh Reporter

TO BEGIN AGAIN

Jan MacLean

TO BEGIN AGAIN by Jan MacLean was originally published by Mills & Boon Ltd., London, (C Jan MacLean 1978.)

THE STORY SO FAR. . .

Young Andrea MacKinlay's troubles began one night when her employer's son, Ronald Martin, tried to molest her. When surprised by his mother, he claimed it was Andrea who had taken the initiative. Angry and disgusted, she threw up her post and found herself on the streets in a raging blizzard. She was almost run over by playwright Stuart Trent, who took her home in his jeep and offered her a job as his typist.

Andrea discovered he had two children — twins — Bruce and Heather, in boarding school, and had lost his wife Barbara four years ago. He in turn learnt of the accident that had damaged her leg and kept Andrea from winning the skating championship two years ago, and of her aunt Cynthia to whom Andrea owed money for training expenses. Stuart was a man of moods, sometimes tender, often withdrawn. Andrea was drawn to him and came to love the children.

Andrea resented the fact that Stuart was so absorbed by his work that he paid the children scant attention. One night, some weeks later, Bruce and Heather were missing. A storm raged, and Andrea and Stuart searched desperately for them and finally found them in the bunk house. The shared relief made Stuart confess that Barbara and he had never got on. She was a flighty woman, and had left him soon after the twins were born, only to meet her death in a car accident two weeks later. Stuart asked Andrea to marry him and she agreed.

Their marriage was dogged by disaster. When Stuart and Andrea went to New York for his play opening, they met Ronald Martin and Cecile, his sister. Cecile had hoped to marry Stuart herself and was wildly jealous of Andrea. She poisoned Stuart's mind about his wife and Ronald and the seduction affair. The newly weds had a showdown in their hotel room and Stuart sent Andrea home to White Birches. Though Bruce and Heather kept her occupied, the newspapers showing Cecile and Stuart constantly together did nothing for her peace of mind.

NOW READ ON. . .

PART FIVE

One day, she went for her usual afternoon riding lesson with Clayton, the old ranch hand.

Clayton said abruptly, "Andrea, I know damn well it's none of my business, and you can tell me to get lost if you want to — but you look like you've been dragged through a knothole backwards. What's wrong?"

She said after some reflection, "I guess I miss Stuart." This, of course, was true, as far as it went.

"Why isn't he home here where he belongs?"

"He had to work on the play," she replied defensively.

"Sure," Clayton scoffed. "Come clean. What really happened in New York, Andrea?"

She temporised. "We had a fight — but I expect every marriage must have its rough patches."

"Three weeks after the wedding?"

They had slowed to a walk, the horses ambling along the bank of the creek, the squeak of leather and jingle of bit accompanying their low-voiced conversation.

"Stuart thinks I — committed adultery with Ronald Martin," Andrea said, "but there's not a shred of truth in it, Clayton. I love Stuart."

She spoke with a passionate intensity. "I'd die rather than be unfaithful to him."

"Okay, okay," her companion said gently. "You don't have to convince me — I believe you."

"I'd better tell you the whole story." And so she related to him the events of the last three months. "But please don't say anything to Stuart, Clayton. We'll work it out somehow. Promise you won't?" she pleaded.

Reluctantly he nodded, "If you say so."

Inexpressibly comforted by having shared the burden of the past few weeks, Andrea smiled at the older man. "I'll race you to the creek," she suggested, a glint of the old mischief in her eyes.

Half an hour later, after a lively ride, Andrea dismounted. To her consternation, as her feet hit the ground, her knees buckled and the wooden walls of the stall dipped and swayed. She straightened, drawing a deep, shuddering breath.

What on earth was wrong with her? she wondered.

Then, three weeks after Andrea had returned to the ranch, everything changed. She and the children were coming back from their ride. They emerged from the leaf-shadowed tunnel of the trail into the dazzling sunlight; temporarily blinded, Andrea did not at first see the tall figure waiting in the shade by the stables.

"Daddy!" Heather screamed. She ran towards her father, Bruce close behind her. Slowly Andrea dismounted, her fingers stiff and awkward.

Stuart straightened. He had seen her.

The smile with which he had greeted his children faded; his eyes were as granite-hard as the mountains. Then his lips re-shaped a smile that did not reach his eyes, and he said lightly, "Hello, Andrea. We'll save our greetings until later, shall we?"

"You're supposed to kiss her, Daddy," Heather protested in a disappointed tone.

"I guess you're right," he drawled, pulling Andrea into his arms. Their lips met and clung with all the sweetness and ardour she so well remembered. Then, with all his strength, Stuart pushed her away.

It was well after midnight, and still Andrea was wide awake, her eyes burning with tiredness and with the tears she had shed. Beside her, Stuart's big body slumbered, his breathing harsh. A shudder rippled through her body. They had made love. . . although there had been no love in it, she recalled bitterly. "Hate" would be a better word. There had been no tenderness, no whispered endearments, no care for her pleasure — he had used her, for his own physical release. Again she shuddered, engulfed in shame and despair.

Several days had passed when Stuart came into the sunroom where Andrea was toying with her breakfast.

"You don't eat enough," he began caustically. "You've lost

weight, which you can scarcely afford to do."

"Speaking to me like that will hardly increase my appetite," she snapped.

He threw a folded white card on the table by her plate. "Write or phone and let her know we'll be there," he said coldly.

She picked it up, and read the few words inscribed on it in an unmistakably feminine hand. The message itself made her palms suddenly damp. . . Cecile Martin was giving an outdoor barbecue next Saturday, and would be delighted to have the company of Andrea and Stuart Trent. . .

"I won't go!"

"Oh, yes, you will, my dear."

She flung the card back on the table. "It might say the company of Andrea and Stuart Trent, but what it really means is the company of Stuart Trent. I'm not that much of a fool, Stuart."

"You're being very childish, Andrea." There was an edge of anger in his voice.

Stuart compels Andrea to attend a barbecue at the Martins', but she feels ill there and Stuart takes her back, but with not a word of sympathy, of love, and the misunderstanding grows

Disregarding it, she swept on. "It didn't take her long to follow you back to Alberta, did it? How very flattered you must be!"

He slammed his fist on the table so hard that the china rattled and a glass fell on its side. Petrified, Andrea gripped the sides of her chair, even as her brown eyes blazed in mute defiance.

"I don't know what you're trying to say," he stormed.

"But I know exactly what I'm saying. You're going to the barbecue, Andrea. If I have to drag you there by force, you'll go!"

He looked perfectly capable of carrying out his threat. She tilted her chin proudly. "You leave me no choice, do you?"

"I'm glad to hear it." His heavy sarcasm made her flinch. "Don't forget to answer the invitation."

On the day of the barbecue Stuart was already waiting for her in the car. It gave Andrea a peculiar sensation to be driving to the Martins', back along the road where Stuart had nearly run her over, the road where she had struggled in the snow a few months ago. How drastically her life had changed since then; she had scaled the heights of happiness and fathomed the depths of despair.

Cecile herself ushered them in. "Hello, Andrea. How nice to see you again," she said, without any great pretence at sincerity.

Then her voice came alive. "Stuart, honey, how tired you look! I'm afraid New York must agree with you better than Alberta. There are drinks in the den, darling, you know the way. Help yourself and join the others on the patio. I'll take Andrea upstairs so she can leave her jacket there."

After one swift glance to make sure they were alone in the room, Cecile said with a pitiless calm, "I've wanted five minutes alone with you ever since we met. That's why I invited you here tonight."

"I didn't think it was for the pleasure of my company," Andrea responded drily.

Cecile continued as though Andrea had never spoken. "I'm going to get Stuart back, Andrea. Stuart regrets his marriage, it's not difficult to see that."

Speechless, Andrea gazed into the other woman's green eyes, that were as hard and brilliant as emeralds. The words echoed and re-echoed in her mind. . . regrets his marriage. . . regrets his marriage. . .

Exasperated, Cecile snapped, "I don't think you've heard a word I said. I'll say it again — I'm going to get him back."

"Stuart married me because he loved me. You and your brother have done your best to wreck that love, but you're mistaken if you think Staurt will divorce me. He won't. I'm his wife now, and his wife I'll remain. And there's nothing you can do about it."

"We'll see about that," Cecile replied grimly.

A few minutes later Andrea made her way downstairs and through the lounge to the patio, where a crowd of guests had gathered. She glanced down at the friendly bulk of the trees, and there, among the shining lanterns, she saw a familiar face. It was Clayton. "Clayton!" she called.

"Why, hello there, Andrea," he said, and with his usual directness added, "What's wrong?"

Under the trees Andrea now saw long tables heaped with tossed salads, aspics, rolls, and platters of sliced ham and turkey. Her rebellious stomach churned at the sight of so much food.

She whirled and fled up the hill. Down the hall to the bathroom. . . she pulled the door shut and in spasm after spasm lost everything she had eaten that day.

"Andrea! Are you okay?"

"It's all right now, Clayton," she said, her voice hardly audible. "You can come in."

He caught her with firm and comforting hands as she swayed towards him. "Easy there, easy," he soothed. In the same slow drawl he suggested, "Did you ever think you might be expecting a baby, Andrea?"

"I can't be pregnant," she murmured, wishing she could believe her own words, and avoiding Clayton's blue eyes. "I'm overtired, that's all. I'll go and see a doctor soon, I probably need some iron pills or something like that."

"Well, whatever you say," Clayton replied, patting her on the shoulder as though she were a nervous filly. "But make sure you do hike yourself to a doctor, I don't like. . ." He broke off as the door was pushed open. Stuart's big frame filled the doorway, his eyebrows drawn together in an angry frown.

"What the hell's going on here?" he demanded.

Because her mind was still grappling with the suspicion Clayton had planted there, Andrea could not meet her husband's eyes; a guilty flush stained her cheeks.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he continued furiously. He switched his attention to Clayton, saying, "Cecile wants the steaks started. You'd better get out there."

"Take it easy," Clayton said softly, not releasing his hold on Andrea. "Some things are a little more important than Cecile Martin and her barbecue."

For one horrified instant Andrea thought Clayton was about to reveal what they had been talking about. She made a tiny sound of protest, which neither man noticed.

"What do you mean by that?" Stuart asked with dangerous quietness.

"I mean your wife. She's just been very ill. I'm going to take her home, this is no place for her right now."

"I'll?" Stuart repeated.

"Yeah," Clayton drawled.

"I'll take Andrea home," said Stuart purposefully.

"Clayton can take me," Andrea interjected, wary of her husband's air of pent-up irritation.

"You're my wife and my responsibility — so I'll take you home."

She sat stiffly in her seat as the Mercedes purred down the driveway and on to the main road.

"All I was trying to say," Stuart went on smoothly as though there had been no interruption, "is that this illness was rather too opportune — I never did have much faith in coincidences."

"It's useless for me to argue with you," she said wearily. "You never believe a word I say, anyway."

When they arrived home, Stuart was the first to speak. "I'll take you upstairs. Would you like me to bring you something to drink?"

She said coldly, "No, thank you. I can manage on my own."

His mouth twisted to an ugly line. "You really don't need me for anything, do you, Andrea? Then perhaps I will go back to the party. At least there I'll be treated like a human being."

He slammed the door behind

Continued on page 35

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SHABANA:

AN UNINHIBITED PURITAN?

N. Bharathi

A long time back, Shabana Azmi had said in an interview that in spite of being modern, uninhibited, three engagements and all those love scenes on the screen, she was still conservative enough not to go all the way with a man till after marriage.

Yet, one keeps hearing or reading about Shabana's affairs — one time with Shashi Kapoor, at another with Vinod Khanna, and with her boy friends in between. If Shabana is really conservative enough to keep herself in check till marriage, how could she be having torrid affairs with anybody (and affairs in filmland parlance mean only ONE thing)?

To understand the contradiction, one has to understand Shabana first. The quality that comes through immediately after meeting Shabana is her forthright talk about herself and her colleagues. Shabana has always been honest enough to admit her relationships (like Benji, Shekhar. And she's hardly the type to carry on something clandestine with anybody. If she were to fall out of love with Shekhar and in love with another, she'd be gutsy enough to own it up.

So where does the real Shabana lie? When you meet her parents and her brother, you get the picture straight. The atmosphere is cosy, comforting and tension-free. Her mother has her theatre work, her brother his friends, and her father his literary pursuits to keep them busy. You immediately sense that this is a family with no strict restrictions — Shabana goes unaccompanied to the studios and chooses her own assignments. When you've been brought up in an atmosphere of freedom, you don't go haywire with your friendships.

The key to understanding Shabana is very simple. By nature, she is exuberant and her greetings are always warm and loud. The simple truth is that Shabana is effusive, not permissive.

Another contradiction comes when you hear that Shabana is getting married to Shekhar Kapur by the end of the year. You meet her and see the number of films she's busy working in. Besides, she's totally engrossed in her roles. Where does marriage fit in at this stage?

"Journalists have begun to ask me this question all of a sudden. Tell me, where did you hear this bit of news? All that happened was that I was asked by a magazine about marriage and I said that ideally I'd like to get married by the end of the next year. I said ideally, meaning nothing is definite. I don't know how people think it can be this year. I'm a very busy girl and I'm really loving every bit of my work. However, once I get married I'd like to concentrate on the house. I'd like to keep the option open to do a few good films when I feel like it. But I wouldn't want to be in the commercial running after marriage, doing a film because it's a good banner or a big producer.

"I know that my saying I'd like to concentrate on the house seems contrary to my nature. But really, I'm very house proud. I can't cook for nuts and I'll have to get myself a good cook. But otherwise, I like doing things myself and keeping home for the family. In the kitchen I like doing the nakhrewale-cheez like dressing the salad.

"I mean it when I say that I'd like to look after my house after marriage. I've grown up in an atmosphere where my mother, with a very dominant personality, has always been an extension of my father. As kids, we were left at home while my mother had to be away for days together in connection with her theatre work. There were no restrictions on her working and doing her own things. Still I've always seen my mother shining my father's shoes, laying the table, getting food for my father, laying out his things ... So doing these things for my husband and family won't be alien to me."

Shabana is generally a cheerful extrovert who doesn't pull her punches when she's talking. But of late, she seems rather upset with the way rumours are flying back and forth. "Rumours about Vinod Khanna and me have made things so uncomfortable for us. When I meet him at the studio I want to wish him my usual way, very warmly. But suddenly I remember what's being written about us and I withdraw and tense up and say 'Hi' without much enthusiasm."

Shabana was doing ten films with Vinod Khanna, all of which are now complete (except "Lahoo ke do rang"). "I have always made it very clear that though I enjoyed working with Vinod, he was never a part of my personal life. He never drops in on me and I never visit him. On my birthday he didn't even send me flowers!"

What angers Shabana is that she's invariably linked with her colleagues in a dirty manner where it looks like she's latching on to them for the sake of her career. "My career is not shaping out because of any actor. I have never acknowledged any hero as having helped me professionally. Everything has been on my own steam. I'm sick of hearing that Shabana Azmi is chamchofying this one and having an affair with that one. I'm supposed to be in love with the whole world, except with the one man I really love. And when I talk of Shekhar Kapur, all I hear are sniggers and giggles!"

Shabana doesn't need prompting when she's talking. And she always accompanies her answers with expressive gestures of the eyes and hands. Today, you could see that she was close to tears.

Anyway, after a two shift day, it was almost 10 at night before we wound up our interview. Shabana spoke while Shekhar lazed around inside, waiting for us to finish. Before I went home, I turned back for a last glimpse and saw a live "Love Is" poster before me ... Shekhar sprawled out on the divan, Shabana sitting at the end of it looking at him fondly. No words were necessary.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

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NIRJA KUMAR:

CHILDREN'S PSYCHIATRIST

Punishment is not the cure-all for problem children. They need the help of understanding psychiatrists like this gracious lady

Stealing among young children is a social problem which needs to be cured before it is too late. Parents who choose to ignore the initial warning signals regret later when they become confirmed thieves. Even seeking professional help when matters have gone too far, usually involves much suffering and heartache for both parents and the children.

Sixteen-year-old X is such a problem child. His behaviour problem started at the age of 11, though his parents became aware of it only when he was 14 years old. Son of a government servant who had no time to devote to his growing son, X craved for his father's love and attention. On being denied this, he started throwing tantrums, being rude and disobedient and creating scenes in order to attract attention.

A highly sensitive child, his problem started increasing when he was bullied in school by his friends and so he started misbehaving in school too. The result was that he was thrown out of school, and his parents had to put him in another school, (of a lower standard).

There X found the students inferior to him and could not mentally adjust himself to the changed environment. He started cutting classes and in order to kill time started going to movies. But to see movies, he had to have money and so he started his habit of stealing money. When the father came to know that his son was not going to school, he became strict with him which, instead of reducing his son's truancy only increased it. The father made the mistake of treating his son as a normal boy without realising that he had become a psychotic case.

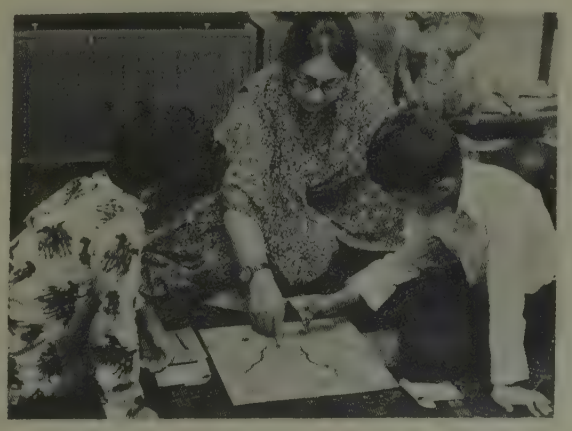
If the boy could not find money to steal, he started picking up things from home and also from his neighbour's houses, and selling them. At this stage he started telling lies and also made friends with a boy who had the same bad habits. In order to spend money the two boys made by selling stolen goods, they took to drinking and smoking. To avoid facing his father at such times, X started running from home and spending nights at various gurudwaras in the city.

It was only when the things had reached this stage that the father realised that his son needed professional help and took him to Miss Nirja Kumar, a young and upcoming psychological consultant in South Delhi.

Y is another 12-year-old boy suffering from the same kind of problems, but in this case, it was the mother who created the gap between her son and herself. Born after 12 years of marriage, the child was unduly pampered. Also the family had suddenly started doing well financially. This quick change in the standard of living gave the mother a pseudo superior feeling of status and she would not let the child feel relaxed even at home.

"The carpet will get dirty," "The sofa will be spoiled," the child was nagged all day. The result was that a gap started developing between the child and mother. Again, the mother, being overprotective did not allow the child any freedom. If he wanted to have an icecream, he was told it was not good for his health. If he wanted to spend money on something else, he was stopped on one excuse or another.

So Y started stealing money from home and when he couldn't, he started stealing things from home, and selling them.



The mother failed to understand the needs of her son and he grew further away from her. At the same time the family resources also got a bit shaky. The mother expected her son to adjust to the changed circumstances, but did not set a good example herself. She felt she had to keep up appearances and had a right to spend money on herself. The son, observing all this, became completely indifferent to her and her feelings. It was at this stage that professional help was sought for him.

Miss Nirja Kumar says that parents are to a great extent responsible for most of the problems faced by their children. "Fearing social stigma, most of the mothers, even when they bring their child to me for help, do not like to confide fully in me. It is left to me to bring out these things by talking to the child and to his parents and lots of precious time is wasted in these preliminaries," says Nirja.

One single major reason responsible for such problems among children, says Nirja, is the "communication gap between the children and the parents. Sometimes the father's job doesn't allow him enough time for his children. Sometimes the parents' personality is such that they do not like to have their children very close to them. At times, some mothers actually create this gap by creating a kind of fear in the minds of the children about their father.

"Such children must be made to live in a tension-free atmosphere, learn to relax and think coolly. In the absence of such institutions, we have to make the best with what we have. These children usually have high intelligence, but it is not put to proper use. To help these children I encourage them to feel relaxed. I try to keep them busy with games, or take them on outgoings. All these things help me to observe a child's behaviour and thus enable me to help him. I have a play therapist and a social worker to help me in my work. I often have to send the social worker to a child's home to study the environment there. These visits help me remove some possible factors responsible for the child's problems."

Nirja also has to give counsel to the parents every fortnight or so in order to change their attitude towards their child. She says that it takes her some time to break up the child's old behaviour pattern. "To rehabilitate such children, we have to restore the child's confidence in himself. But our help is not enough, unless society is prepared to accept him and he has academic facilities to continue his disrupted studies. In the absence of proper facilities, he may again go back to the same situation. It is a big social problem which needs immediate attention."

Nirja Kumar was trained for the Post Graduate Diploma in Medical & Social Psychology from Ranchi and set up her private practice about a year and a half back in Delhi. In her clinic she uses the Community Therapy approach, where various aspects of a child's problem are taken into consideration, providing treatment in a very normal environment. Nirja also plans to start a Day Centre in her clinic in the near future, where she hopes to treat a number of children simultaneously.

Nirja says that parents should seek help the moment they see any signs of abnormality in their child. "The first danger signal is when the academic results of the child go down. The first step the parents should take at this stage is to find out the reason. But they should not express their reaction strongly to the child. It should be done in a tactful manner rather.

"Next thing they should do," she continued, "is to observe if their child is getting estranged from them or from other children. Isolation is another warning. Unwillingness to go to school is another bad sign. These indicate that the child needs help. A child showing adult behaviour or having a very studious nature is also not healthy mentally. Parents must keep in contact with their child's school. Parents should not make enquiries about their child from his friends. It alienates the child not only from his parents but also from his friends. Parents must do their best to fulfil his emotional and physical needs to make him a balanced person when he grows up."

Jyotsana Kapoor

EVENING

Fashions to light up the festive scene — an occasion for you to dress up, to look your best. These exclusively hand-painted sarees and salwar kameez sets have traditional paisley and peacock designs, combined with modern ones. Colours and trimmings sparkle to enhance that festive look.

Pick up the newest of these lovely ensembles from an exhibition and sale to be held by RASHMI CREATIONS at Aakar Art Gallery, Bombay, from October 13 to 15, 1978.

Courtesy : Rashmi Creations, Bombay

EGANCE

LEFT: All dressed up for the evening—two silk sarees have a fantastic combination of floral designs with checked and striped borders. Colours and designs add richness to the saree and complete pallav edge.

CENTRE: For the young enchantress. Both in hand-painted silk salwar kameez ensemble. The green kameez has a dupatta with a similar design. Painted paisley in green adorns the pink salwar; the other has a harem-styled plain pink salwar. The kameez has an attractive design in front and the same design repeats on the chiffon dupatta.

RIGHT: Look your best in this two-tone silk saree in yellow and mauve. Traditional peacock motif in brilliant colours makes the pallav very attractive.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter.

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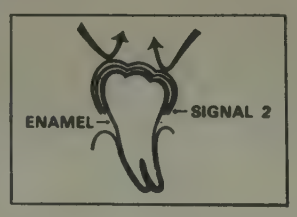
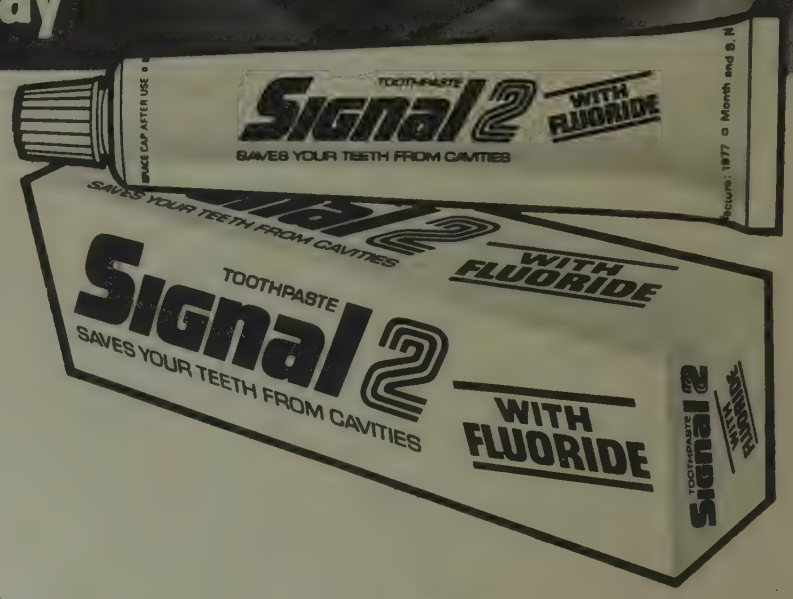


Signal 2 has the most effective fluoride formula to stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



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Signal 2 WITH FLUORIDE your family's cavity-fighter

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hi ya honey!

By an Alves called Johnnie

I believe that ladies get more out of life than we men do. I don't know how things are in other homes, but I am certainly not the number one in my house. Oh, no! I am not henpecked, but I realise that efforts are not made to make me feel happy or big. I am taken for granted.

It started very early in life. My father insisted that girls were delicate and never to be hurt, but that did not dissuade my sister from tearing my hair or kicking me in the shins. I could not retaliate for fear my father would knock my block off.

In school, I carried the school bag of a girl next door for four years and worked out her sums and painted her pictures. Twenty years later she married a man from another town. I was, of course, asked to be best man, but never got a chance to prove it.

In college, I was very popular with girls, but where did that get me? I took them out, spent my valuable pocket money on them, and I seemed to enjoy it. No female took me out, although I knew many who had a bigger share of monthly cash than I did. No one carried

man. She carried a bouquet of expensive roses in her hand, and I had a single rose in the lapel of my coat, and the thought of the total cost in my head.

The photographer was asked to concentrate on the bride and of the 40 pictures he took, he managed to get me in four — one in which I was giving her the ring, another where I was feeding her a piece of the wedding cake, and two in which I was helping her in and out of the car.

The bride had a complete trousseau which included a new dress for each Sunday of the three preceding the wedding day, a going away dress and a coming home dress, whereas I changed my appearance with the aid of ties, and two pairs of trousers worn alternately with one jacket.

At the wedding reception, the toastmaster spoke of her beauty, her mother's qualities and her father's achievements. When he referred to me, he hoped that I would make a good husband. I recall now that when I replied to the toast, I actually thanked her mother for giving her to me as my wife! The papers

HEADS THEY WIN, TAILS WE LOSE

my books either, whereas I volunteered to not only carry their books but write their notes as well.

It's a female conspiracy, I tell you. By pretending to be the weaker sex, they make monkeys out of us. I now recall, with the feeling that I have been cheated, that when I was going steady, I took her out to pictures and dinner almost every week and paid the bill every time, although she earned more than I, then a schoolmaster, did. I bought her expensive gifts on her birthdays and on other occasions too, while I received only a tie on every occasion. Once her brother asked me, "Where did you get that tie?" with the kind of look that spells, "Isn't that mine?"

Months before wedding day, everybody wondered what the bride would wear. They spent months on the design of the material for the bride's dress and the cost of stitching her wedding dress alone could have enabled me to get three suits. I gave her a beautiful gold ring at the altar, and she put a rope round my neck. She became a wife, and I remained a

next day were agog with the description of the bride's dress, mentioning details of the colour, material and style. If anyone had looked closely at my suit, I would have had trouble with my brother.

On the honeymoon, I spent a very large portion of the money that I had borrowed and she had a wonderful time. She bought mementoes from Bangalore for her family and friends. She wanted them to remember our honeymoon.

On our return home after eight days, I was met at the station by my father-in-law and mother-in-law, both were smiling from ear to ear. They were very happy indeed!

On reaching home I discovered that while I was on my honeymoon, the anti-dowry bill had been passed!

We men never win. Life for us is, Heads she wins, tails we lose. And if there is still room for doubt, she will toss it for you.

Eve's Weekly - Quiz Contest - 9

HEGMAN

1. Name the five Indian Gold Medal winners at the recently concluded Commonwealth Games at Edmonton.
2. Who was the first American astronaut to go into space?
3. A hagiographer is the biographer of one or more——— what?
4. Whose invention of the elevator in the 1850's led to a dramatic rise in the number of skyscrapers?
5. Of which country was Mozambique an overseas colony?
6. Recently, the first portrait of a national leader from South India in the Central Hall of Parliament was unveiled by President Reddy. Whose portrait was it?
7. Who won the 13th Jnanpith Award for the best creative literary work during 1961-70? For which book?
8. Which motion picture actor became famous all over the world as "The Tramp"?
9. Who was Cardinal Giovanni Battista Montini?
10. Which planet has two moons named Triton and Nereid?
11. Who was the founder and leading member of the Impressionist style of painting?
12. What stretch of water separates the Australian mainland and Tasmania?

This is the ninth of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series.

Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner— i.e. the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. This is to give an equal chance to contestants from outside Bombay. The deadline for Quiz Contest No. 9 is October 16, 1978.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 9' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 8 will appear in our issue of October 14. The answers to Quiz 9 will appear in our issue of October 28.

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THE GREAT OUT-DOORS... LET'S GO HOME!
BUT WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET-
HERE - PUT ON YOUR BACKPACK -
NOW LET'S MOVE OUT!
ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS THING WEIGHS A TON! I CAN'T MOVE!
WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE?
A BACK-PACK.
4-23
A BACKPACK?
YES -
GOOD.... YOU CAN KEEP THE PACK - I'M GOING BACK!!
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L. WOMAN

HA HA world of laughter

A small-time night club actor was in a plane crash and found himself in a strange place. "Where am I?" he asked a man standing near him.

"You're in hell."

"That's my agent for you," sighed the comic, "still booking me in these crap joints."

* * *

Bachelor: "Come up to my apartment — we'll toast in the New Year with some beautiful imported champagne."

Girl: "But the New Year is three months away."

Bachelor: "What's our hurry?"

* * *

And there's the other one about the bachelor. He's a guy who comes to work every morning from a different direction.

* * *

"Business is really slow right now. A fellow walked into a place to change a twenty-dollar bill and they made him a partner."

* * *

Employee: "Boss, could I have Monday off? It's my twenty-fifth wedding anniver-

Angry Boss: "Do I have to put up with this every twenty-five years?"

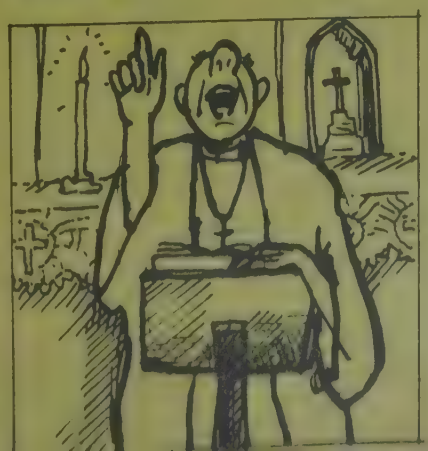
* * *

A feller called his partner from Miami and said, "Sam, this is Max. How's everything in New York?"

Sam: "Very good."

Max: "How's the weather up there?"

Sam: "The weather's how it should be."



Max: "How's business in the shop?"

Sam: "Very good, but I got bad news for you."

Max: "What's the matter?"

Sam: "We've been robbed."

Max: "Don't be silly, put it back!"

* * *

The preacher was lecturing to his flock: "Remember, my good friends, there will be no buying and selling in heaven..."

"That's not where business has gone," mumbled a salesman in the rear.

* * *

A Hollywood producer received a story entitled "The Optimist". He called his staff together and said, "Gentlemen, this story is great, but the title must go. It's got to be switched to something simple. We're intelligent and we know what an optimist is, but how many of the morons who go to see the picture will know he's an eye doctor?"

* * *

Grandpa was doing some carpentry at home and asked his grandson to bring him a screwdriver.

The kid came back a few minutes later and announced, "I have the vodka, but I can't find an orange."

* * *

"I wouldn't say he doesn't trust his wife — but she is the only lady in town who has a combination lock on her zippers."

* * *

The mother reprimanded her son for using a four-letter word.

"But mother," the boy explained, "Tennessee Williams uses that word all the time."

"So don't play with him no more."

* * *

I sat next to the Duchess at tea;

It was just as I feared it would be.

Her rumblings abdominal
Were truly phenomenal,
And everyone thought it was me.

Compiled by George Fegrado

human interest story

SAGA OF STOICISM AND SUCCESS

Related by MAYAH BALSE from the story by PRATHIBA RAO

EVEN BLINDNESS NEED NOT BE AN OBSTACLE TO A HAPPY, SUCCESSFUL LIFE IF ONE HAS THE LUCK TO FIND A LOVING, LIVELY COMPANION TO INSPIRE AND HELP

When Babu was born, his parents did not immediately realise there was something wrong with him. He was their second child and they thought bringing him up would be an easy task because of their experience with their first child. But as the days passed, they became aware of symptoms that their first born had not displayed — an incapacity for recognition, inability to grasp objects placed in front of him, the blundering way he crawled and collided with furniture and an incessant crying they could not comprehend.

Gradually it dawned on them that something was amiss. There was. Subsequent visits to the doctor confirmed their worst suspicions. Babu was blind. Sometime in the foetal stage, the congenital defect had occurred. They consulted many specialists about eye surgery and learnt to their dismay that Babu would never see because his optic nerve was damaged beyond repair.

There was nothing to do but accept defeat and help their child make the most of a dark world full of sounds both frightening and intriguing. Though four more children were born to them, they felt inclined to shelter and coddle their sightless offspring who could not help himself.

He could not go to a regular school, so he stayed home silent and brooding while his brothers and sisters romped off to the local convent and returned to regale him with spirited accounts of their frolics. When he heard of their exploits he could not suppress a tear for the good times he was missing nor could be exactly comprehend the meaning of light and form and colour which they talked about.

At five or six years of age, a whole new world opens up before the normal child when he starts reading. With Babu this knowledge came slowly by means of the spoken word. As he could not go to school, his parents engaged a tutor to coach him orally and explain the world's infinite mysteries to their growing child.

Hyderabad seemed a different place after that to Babu. He knew the hum of cars in the street and learnt about petrol driven vehicles, he heard the railway engines and experienced the mysteries of locomotion, he listened to music and began to appreciate its beauty.

Life began to have a little meaning. Yet at the back of his mind the question always throbbed: Why me? Why not Uma or Radha or any of the others? Why am I alone different?

Often visitors dropped in and when they saw the blind boy they expressed their sympathy verbally or with sighs of regret, which stirred in Babu a deep resolve to be as good as the sighted ones. His dreams came true when the family moved to Bangalore. There was a school at Whitefield called the Divine Light Blind School and here he was initiated into the first steps of formal education.

He learnt Braille and his horizon widened with extensive reading. But the school curriculum was surprisingly bereft of any vocational training, like weaving, basket-making or playing musical instruments. The students here were all being equipped to face the world as normal people. This grave omission in the educational system compelled him to qualify for a white-collar job.

But here was the rub. Universities had no special facilities for the physically handicapped. Only a superior intellect and an iron resolve helped Babu cross the portals successfully. For Babu, the path was a rough one. He met obstacles at every step as he tapped his way from lecture hall to lecture hall with his white cane.

When examinations drew near he would badger friends into reading portions of the text aloud to him, feeling so helpless that tears came to his eyes. He would treasure each word they read and store it in the recesses of his mind to use when the time came. At the written exams he would sit a little away from the others and in a soft sure voice, dictate the answers he had memorised to a writer. He passed with flying colours, doing first his BA with Economics and then his Master's degree with English Literature.

But life proved ironic. Babu soon realised no one was ready to employ a blind M.A. degree holder. Even normal graduates and double graduates were finding it difficult to procure employment. He grew frustrated and depressed and would brood for days on end, seeing no end to his dark world.

Then one day, while he had gone on a futile job hunt at a college in Coonoor, in search of a lecturer's post, he ran into a woman who was to change the course of his whole life. A rare friendship blossomed between the two. Premilla was twenty-six years old and a lecturer in Economics in the college. They had many interests in common as they soon discovered. She told him of the vacancy of English Lecturer in the same college. Spurred by her enthusiasm, he applied for the post.

When he learnt that he had been appointed, tears of joy sprang to his eyes. Premilla had conveyed the news to him. He gripped her hands warmly but could not utter a word. Babu knew she had managed it. It gave him a strange and inexplicable thrill of joy to know Premilla cared for him and desired his welfare. When she touched him, his heartbeat quickened and he felt so happy. He wondered if she felt the same way. He didn't have the courage to ask her. Why would any vivacious twenty-six-year old woman, he thought, choose to tie herself down for life to a blind man?

But he felt a great deal more cheerful than he had in years. He did not know if this stemmed from his new employment or from the awakening of romance in his

life. He went to the college and lectured with gusto, bringing his knowledge up-to-date with a perusal of what was happening in the day-to-day world. Meanwhile his friendship with Premilla became so much a part of his daily existence that if he didn't meet her, he felt wretched. Was this what people called love? Still he was hesitant of confiding his feelings.

Six months after his appointment as lecturer in the Coonoor college, word came from the University of Madras that his appointment was not approved. Once more he joined the ranks of the unemployed. The news was all the more shattering because of his handicap. Just when he had begun to feel self-confident after the dark days of groping and hoping, he was plummeted into the abyss again.

He felt bitter and frustrated. It was Premilla who consoled him in those dark hours. With characteristic optimism, she buoyed up his sinking spirits. She made him see that the reversal was not a defeat but a challenge to even greater aspirations.

They were married shortly after. But Babu's problem still loomed large. He wanted to find some niche in life and be a source of help to Premilla and the family they would bring into the world.

One day an idea came into his mind. It had so many possibilities that it excited him.

"Premilla," he asked. "Why don't we go in for some business?"

"How?" she queried. "And what business?"

"We could get a loan from the bank, surely?" Babu said.

Even as he said the words, a note of despair crept into his voice. Would the bank advance a huge amount for the speculative ideas of a blind man?

But his initiative was rewarded. Babu procured a loan of Rs. 20,000 from the State Bank of India. His dream became a reality. Their enterprise, Interrmos Departmental Store, was set up in Bangalore, in a part of the house rented by them. Today it stands successful, a symbol of the rare courage and fortitude of a blind man who learnt to be self-supporting in spite of the fiercest odds.

Premilla and Babu run the shop together. It stocks everything from safety pins to frozen chicken. When Premilla is caught up in the household chores and the job of looking after one-year-old Chetan, their energetic son, Babu himself manages the shop. He is alert and when he hears a step he looks up expectantly, waiting for the customer's order. Sometimes people point it out, forgetting that he has no eyes. He knows exactly where he can lay his hands on each item. He even counts out money, feeling with his hands expertly to gauge the denominations.

The struggle has been a long and arduous one. But well worth it. Today, Babu is Secretary of the National Association for the Blind in Karnataka State, whipping up public awareness of problems of blind people, their desperate need for acceptance and the joy that comes when they find self-supporting niches for themselves. He knows there are thousands like him, struggling for attainment in some profession or the other. He is ever-ready to extend them a helping hand.

TO BEGIN AGAIN

Continued from page 23

him, and Andrea heard the car engine start up, and the roar of the motor diminishing down the driveway.

The next day she was with the children in the stables when Stuart joined them.

"I'd better go for a ride with you two right now, because tomorrow I have to go to Calgary," he said to the twins. "Let's take the trail up to the look-out at Aspen Grove, I think you can manage that ride nicely now."

Andrea's ears had pricked at the mention of Calgary; she had rather dreaded the idea of fighting the city traffic on her own to consult a doctor but now she could go with Stuart — one problem solved. So while the three of them were riding, she phoned for a doctor's appointment, and when she and Stuart were drinking their after-dinner coffee in the sunroom, she said,

"I'd like to go with you to Calgary tomorrow, Stuart, please."

"I'm just going on a business matter, Andrea, there's no need for you to come."

She had not anticipated any opposition; remembering the appointment she had already made, she persisted, "I won't bother you, I have some shopping I'd like to do."

He scowled at her. "Couldn't it wait until another time?"

No, she thought silently, it couldn't. "What's wrong?' she demanded. "Why don't you want me to go? Are you meeting Cecile there?"

He sighed with exasperation. "No, Andrea, I am not meeting Cecile there. I was rather hoping for a day away from all this eternal arguing. But if shopping is that important to you, you'd better come. I'll be leaving around nine."

Stuart let her off at one of the main intersections downtown. "I'll meet you at the hotel at four-thirty," he said. "Don't be late, I want to be home in time for dinner."

The dotcor's office, on the tenth floor of a brand new medical complex, was quiet and pleasantly furnished. In a very short time he gave her his diagnosis.

"You're almost two months pregnant, Mrs. Trent." He added, apparently interpreting her lack of enthusiasm as fear, "Having a child, especially your first is a unique and beautiful experience."

Only if your marriage is a happy one, she thought, bitterly resenting the fate that now deprived her of sharing the news of her unborn child with her husband. Without consciously making a decision, she hailed a taxi and said crisply to the driver, "Take me to the airport, please."

Inside the terminal she soon discovered there was a flight to Halifax in three and a half hours with bookings still available on it. She sat down to wait in one of the padded leather seats, leaning back gratefully, for she was tired.

"Where to, madam?" asked the smartly uniformed girl at the ticket counter, when Andrea finally went there, with a bright professional smile.

Andrea opened her mouth to ask for a one-way ticket to Halifax, but the words stuck in her throat.

Andrea said blankly, "A ticket? Oh, no. . . no, I'm sorry, I've changed my mind. But, but please. . . what's the time?"

"Almost four-thirty."

"I'll be late!" Andrea gasped. Ignoring the curious looks of the other passengers, she left the queue and began running towards the terminal's main exit. Signalling to the nearest taxi driver, she directed, "The Castleburgh Hotel, please. And hurry!"

She reached the hotel at six o'clock. The dim lighting of the bar momentarily confused her; frowning, she peered into its murky corners. Then she saw Stuart seated alone at a table on the far side of the room, his back towards her. "Stuart?"

He turned so sharply that he almost upset his drink, half rising as he did so. Unmistakably, for the length of time between two heartbeats, his features were filled with a profound relief; she could not have misinterpreted it. . . he was glad to see her. Eagerly she put her hand on his sleeve, the words, "Stuart, I'm going to have a baby," on the tip of her tongue.

But before she could say them, a mask of ice-cold antagonism descended over his face. "Where the hell have you been?" he demanded. "Couldn't you have telephoned the hotel to let me know you were going to be late? I thought you'd had an accident. . ."

"Would you have cared?" she interrupted bitterly.

". . . Or that you'd decided to leave me."

His eyes narrowed with suspicion. "What did you do all day, Andrea?"

Like a cornered animal, her eyes huge in her thin face, she stared at him in total silence.

His voice sharpened. "Did you meet Ronald? Is that what you did?"

She came to life. "No!"

"Then where were you? Why can't you tell me the truth for once?"

"It's none of your business where I was," she cried frantically. "Why can't you leave me alone?"

"I might just as well," he said heavily. "Let's get out of here."

The sun was setting as Stuart headed the car towards White Birches. Exhausted she closed her eyes and slept.

(To be Continued)

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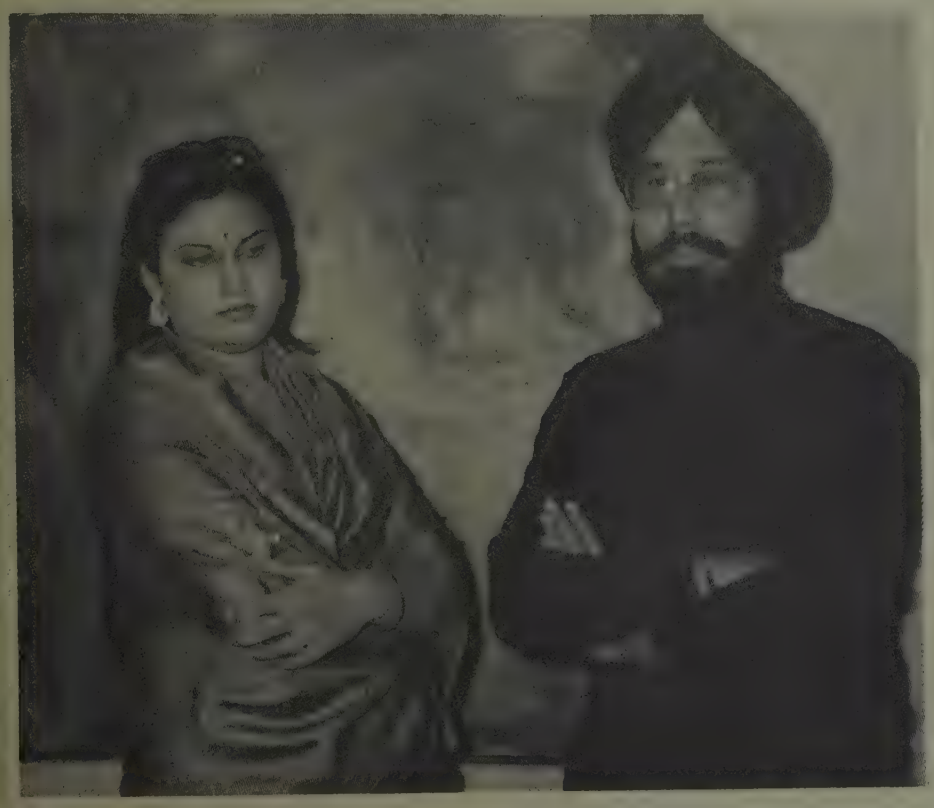
SHAMI AND MINI :

'ART DEALERS, UNITE!'

'Dealing' in art is a ruthless business. A young Delhi couple puts sentiment into it



Shami and Mini Mendiratta are too generous and warm-hearted to be part of the ruthless art world 'business'. Yet they have stood nine years of it, struggling most of the way. When they celebrated recently the ninth anniversary of their Gallery Chanakya, Yashwant Place, New Delhi, the struggles were behind; there was no looking back. They could relax and look forward to better years.

A small show-room, the gallery has nevertheless in its nine years' existence sponsored the shows of almost every well-known Indian artist and launched many others towards fame. They have also influenced art museums and academies into buying the works of new artists.

Shami and Mini are so involved with their artist-proteges that they feel it a personal loss when an artist severs connection with the gallery, sometimes for as trivial a reason as an argument over a cup of tea. There are others, however, whose affection for them is genuine, beyond 'business'. They may not see a single 'sold' tag, yet they have a thought for the expenses Shami and Mini have incurred in putting up the show. The only gesture they can afford to make is to offer as gift any painting, which the gallery can then sell at whatever price, with no "obligations" to the artist. Shami and Mini say that such gifts sustained them in troublesome times.

Mini is a highly educated young woman, textile-and-jewellery designer and Bharata Natyam dancer. She put all her energies into the Gallery Chanakya at Akbar Hotel, selling exquisite trinkets and handicrafts. During 1975-'77, Shami says, it was Mini's gallery which kept the Chanakya at Yashwant Place from closing down. Now, they are looking forward to better years. Shami is taking a five-artist show to Germany.

Shami feels an art dealers' association is urgently needed. There is at present no coordinating agency for the art galleries in the country. This is necessary to ensure a harmonious relationship between artists, art dealers and collectors.

Shami is very critical of the recent Fourth Triennale held at the Lalit Kala Akademi. He says that while the foreign section was "fabulous", the Indian section was "appalling". The initial mistake was the rejection by the Selection Committee of the Commissioners' acceptance. To make matters worse, the committee having rejected 22 artists, called for 60 more. Utter chaos prevailed. Eleven of the 22 artists held their own shows at galleries Chanakya, Kumar and Dhoomimal. Shami says that apart from the "confusion" in the Indian section, the Triennale was a superb show.

Has Shami realised anything in these nine years? Yes, he would like to have the finance to buy outright works of art instead of the consignment way because this creates misunderstandings. He would like the government not to treat art galleries as ordinary shops, and to exempt them from sales and income-tax. Shami says the gallery gives him "job-satisfaction". There is also the pleasure of the company of artists and the feeling of being a part of the art world.

Priti

MAN APPEAL!

Continued from page 21

Continue to work in rows of tr. till edges match the front edge to beg. of neck shaping, fasten off.

Join side edge to inner edge of left side.

Similarly work one more piece for the right side, starting at base from behind the first piece.

Join side edge to inner edge of right side.

Collar:

With White yarn work a row of 101 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 2 ch. turn rep. 2nd row 8 times more, fasten off.

To Make Up:

Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams.

Set sleeves into armholes.

Join collar to neck edge, leaving out 17 sts. from each front edge of White piece. Sew shorter ends of pocket bands on wrong side with invisible sts. Also sew the lining of pockets at centre to partition the pockets.

Arnavaz Dhondy

Devi

"I will get Shatru and Poonam married with my own hands," declared Reena Roy last year. She was accusing me of linking her name with Shatru's. A year (or is it two?) has passed by, and "high Priestess" Reena has still not managed to get them married. Not that Shatru is out of Reena's reach. She puts both her arms around him and holds him like he is Time slipping out. . .

The only thing she does is look the other way when she sees me, looking their way.

* * *

KOMILLA:
New Queen Vamp?

Komilla Wirk rushed to our den with the good news that she has just inherited an empire. "Bindu is finished, completely 'out', besides she is old and I am young, so I am the Queen Vamp, with thirteen films on hand," she gushed. I knew Komilla was after Bindu's throne ever since. I noticed her advancing towards Amjad Khan.

* * *

The footpaths are once again littered with threats. The stalls have put out half a dozen film magazines with Rajesh Khanna's threats of a comeback. The artistes and the photographs look a replica of last year, the year before and the year before that.

Rajesh sounds so much like Dimple whose interviews all begin when she was a child of fifteen married to a big bad wolf of thirty-two. After five years Dimple has come to terms with the wolf, as she has grown in reverse. She is now ten, and is more afraid, bewildered, dumb. Why these days I believe she is scared of daughter Twinkle and her moods, because Twinkle is so much like daddy, the bad wolf.

And Chuniya (Chunibhai Kapadia), who is turning producer while he is awaiting third daughter Reem to fill up and grow tall fast, to be a star, has a strong rival — Mala Sinha. Mala is also awaiting her daughter's growth with the anxiety of Neetu's mother waiting for Neetu to wear bras ten years ago. Mala's daughter even dances at friends' birthday parties and looks like Mala with dabs of rouge. According to Vyjayanti the girl is a good dancer.

Now you know why they discard their husbands and retain their baby girls"

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MAKE THE VEGETARIAN FILLING for vegetables, samosas, sandwiches, etc.

ENRICH YOUR SWEET DISHES with easy-to-use NUTRI NUGGET.

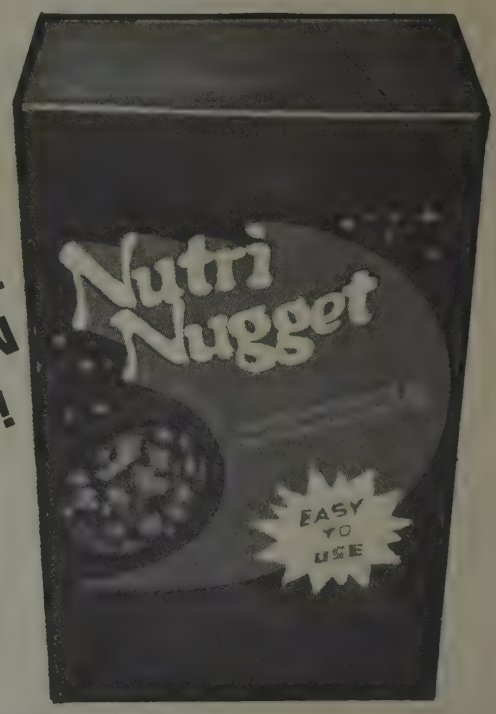
ADD TO TIKKIS AND VEGETABLE "KABABS" to increase protein.

SERVE AS A SNACK with hot or cold drinks.

PROTEIN IS IMPORTANT IN DAILY DIETS

It's easy to enjoy protein-rich foods.....
just add NUTRI NUGGET

LOOK FOR THE GOLDEN NUGGETS!



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PANEER DELIGHTS

Paneer or the Indian Cream Cheese is made from curds separated from the whey and is mainly used in the preparation of some of the best known Indian sweetmeats. The same curds however could be incorporated into a variety of mouth watering dishes when pressed into a slab under a weight, cut in pieces and fried. An ideal dish for vegetarians as it livens the vegetables, making them deliciously tasty. Be it a korma or pakodas, a paneer dish will always get you compliments every time you cook one.

Premila Lal

PALAK PANEER

250 grams peneer
250 grams spinach
2 tsps. coriander
¼ pint milk
3 cloves garlic, chopped
1 onion, finely chopped or minced
2 tsps. gram masala
1 tsp. turmeric
Ghee
Salt and Chilli powder to taste

Slice or fry the paneer till light brown. Clean the spinach leaves carefully and chop into small pieces. Boil the spinach until absolutely tender. Drain, allow to cool and then grind to a fine paste. Heat the ghee in a saucepan and add onion and garlic. Add the spinach paste and fry. Sprinkle turmeric and fry for five minutes briskly and add the pieces of paneer. Serve sprinkled with garam masala.

EGGS ON PANEER

250 grams paneer (cottage cheese)
½ kg onions
6 green chillis
1 small bunch of coriander leaves
½ tsp. turmeric
½ cup tomato sauce
6 tbsps. ghee
8 eggs
6 small tomatoes

Mash or cube the ghee, depending on consistency.

Peel and slice the onions finely, chop tomatoes, coriander leaves and green chillis.

Fry the sliced onions till brown, add the rest of the chopped vegetables and turmeric powder, add salt to taste, also the chopped tomato, tomato sauce and paneer. Cook for ten minutes, mixing all the ingredients well. Add paneer and fry for a few minutes.

When done, spread out in a flat sauce pan. Make eight hollows in this mixture and break the eggs in them, add a little ghee over them and bake in an oven till eggs set. Serve hot (set eggs twenty minutes before serving).

PANEER PAKODAS

1 tbsp. pomegranate seeds
½ tsp. turmeric
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. garam masala
Sliced paneer (Cottage cheese)
FOR THE BATTER:
250 grams gram flour
½ cup water

Make batter from gram flour, water and salt to taste.

Mix the turmeric, chilli powder, pomegranate seeds and garam masala into the batter. Dip paneer (cut into pieces) into this and fry until brown on all sides.

TURKISH CHICKEN AND RICE

1 large chicken
1 large bunch of fresh coriander, chopped
6 onions, sliced
250 grams cottage cheese
60 grams almonds, shelled and blanched
1 tsp. sugar
½ kg tomatoes, quartered
½ kg peas
8 green chillis, chopped
Juice of one lemon
60 grams raisins, cleaned

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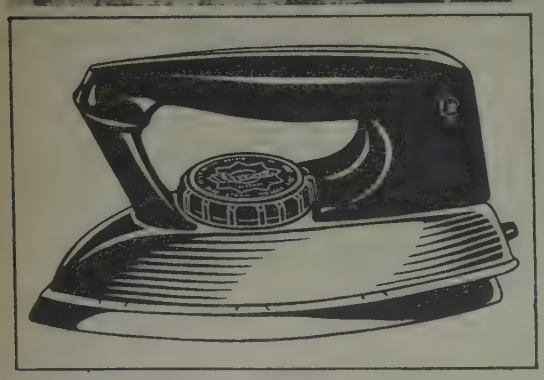
Kleertone



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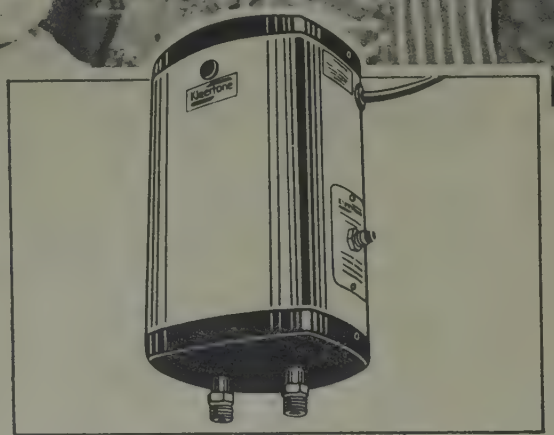

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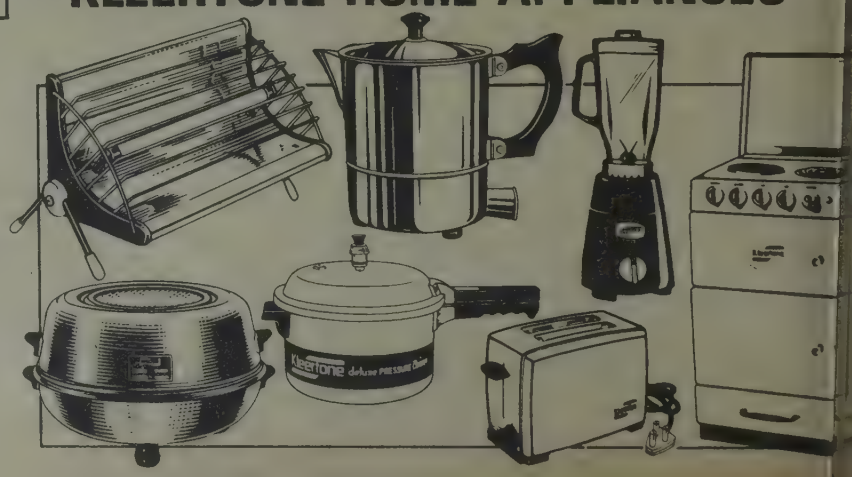
KLEERTONE HOME APPLIANCES



1 cup long grain rice
1 tsp. pepper
2 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste
2 hard boiled eggs

Cut the chicken into 6 pieces. Heat the ghee and fry the onions, chillis, coriander and tomatoes. Add the chicken pieces. Fry, then add 5 cups of water. Simmer till barely done. Wash and soak the rice and add this to the chicken with cottage cheese, the peas, juice of lemon, pepper, salt and sugar. Simmer till the rice is cooked and chicken tender. Decorate with the fried onions, sliced hard boiled eggs, almonds and raisins.

PANEER KORMA

500 grams paneer
2 large onions, sliced finely
1 stick cinnamon
2 cardamoms
4 cloves
250 grams curds
1 lemon
3 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste
GRIND TO A PASTE:
2 onions
6 green chillis
1" piece ginger
¼ coconut
1 pod garlic
1 tbsp. poppyseeds
¾ tsp. turmeric
1 tbsp. coriander leaves

Slice the paneer into ½ inch slice and fry till light brown. Keep aside.
Heat the ghee and fry the sliced onions till light brown. Add ground paste and fry for a few minutes. Add remaining spices, curd and salt and simmer gently, adding a little water if necessary. Add the paneer and cook till fat floats to the top. Season with lemon juice before serving.

COTTAGE CHEESE UPUMA

250 grams semolina
2 large onions
3 green chillis
60 grams cashewnuts
45 grams ghee
45 grams oil
1 tbsp. mustard seeds
½ tbsp. black gram dal
1 tbsp. coriander leaves
½ tsp. ground cinnamon and cloves
250 grams cottage cheese (soft)
Juice of 2 lemons
Salt to taste

Roast the semolina (adding a little ghee) on a low fire until the aroma rises and keep aside. Chop onions and chillis. Chop cashewnuts. Heat ghee and refined oil together until it begins to smoke. Add mustard seeds and let them crackle. Add the dal, cashewnuts and fry for a few seconds. Now add onions, chillis and coriander leaves. Cook for 5 minutes. Add a cupful of water Now add the remaining ingredients except semolina. Add one more cupful of water and cook for 15 minutes. Add salt.
Add semolina gradually, stirring all the time until it is well blended in. The result will be a thick paste. Cook for 5 minutes stirring occasionally.

MATAR PANEER

250 grams shelled peas
250 grams paneer
½" piece ginger
2 cloves garlic
3 green chillis
1 tsp. garam masala
1 tsp. coriander and cummin seed powder
½ cup curd
2 tbsps. oil
1 tbsp. coriander leaves
Salt to taste

Put the peas to boil with a cupful of water and a pinch of sugar. Cook till tender.
Grind together the garlic, ginger and green chillis. Chop onion very finely. Cut the paneer into thin fingers or cubes. Heat the oil and fry the paneer pieces till lightly browned, remove pieces from the oil and keep aside. Add onions to the same pan and fry — add the ground paste, dhania and jeera powder and fry for a few minutes. Put in the peas, paneer, salt and beaten curd, cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Mix in the garam masala and chopped coriander leaves before serving.

Pan

INSTANT INSTANT INSTANT INSTANT INSTANT

DEHYDRATED PEAS

PAN PEAS SOUP

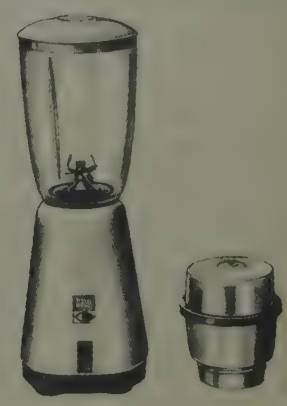
300 grams fresh, tender Pan Peas (Soak Pan Peas overnight), 1 onion diced, 2 tbsps. flour, 2 cups milk, 3 tbsps soft butter, 2 cups water or stock. Few sprigs of parsley or mint salt and pepper to taste.

Put all the ingredients except stock or water in a mixer and run on high speed till smooth. Pour into saucepan, adding the stock or water and cook over low heat, stirring frequently, for about 15 minutes.

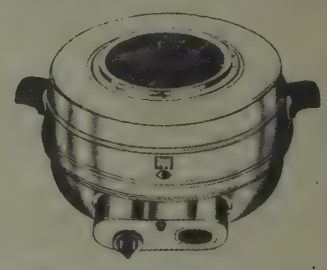
ANNOUNCING GIFTS FOR THE SPECIAL ISSUE CONTEST

The prize winners of our Special COOKERY Issue Contest will receive the following gifts from BAJAJ ELECTRICALS LIMITED, Bombay.

1ST PRIZE: No. 1 Bajaj Junior Mixer —— two speed



2ND PRIZE: No. 1 Bajaj Round Oven with Thermostat

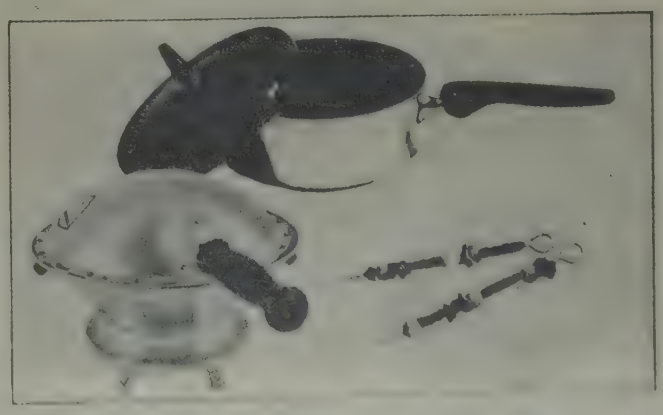


3RD PRIZE: No. 1 Bajaj Pressure Cooker —— 6.5 litres

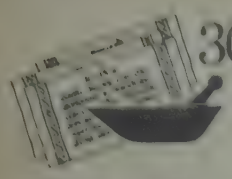
5 Consolation Prizes: The next five best entries will receive a copy each of Four Seasons Cook Book.

MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00, 1) A SUPERCOOK GAS Tandoor with two skewers from M/S. GLOBE SUPER PARTS, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, and 3) A 185 mm Saucepan (Oct.); a 280 mm 14-gauge Tava (Nov.); and a 4¾-litre Casserole from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, Bombay.



So, send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.



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recipes from our readers

Mrs. Rajam Laxman, Coimbatore.

TUNA BIRYANI BUNDLES WITH SHRIMP SAUCE

FOR THE BIRYANI:

250 grams basmati rice
2 tins tuna fish
250 grams onions, sliced
250 grams ghee
200 grams tomatoes, sliced
150 grams thick curd
Juice of 1 lemon
½ tsp. chilli powder
½ tsp. turmeric powder
2 tbsps. coriander leaves, chopped
1 tbsp. mint leaves, chopped
8-10 green chillis, chopped
100 grams cashewnuts and raisins (optional)

GRIND TO A PASTE:

25 grams garlic
35 grams ginger

ROAST AND GRIND:

3-1" piece cinnamon sticks
8 cardamoms
12 cloves
¼ piece nutmeg
½ tsp. aniseeds
½ tsp. shahjeera

FOR THE BUNDLES:

350 grams flour
2 eggs, beaten
150 grams butter
A pinch of baking soda
Salt and pepper to taste
1 tbsp. lemon juice
Cold water
Oil for deep frying

FOR THE SHRIMP SAUCE:

250 grams cleaned shelled shrimps—boiled and ground
100 grams cheese, grated
½ litre milk
100 grams butter
1½ tsps. white pepper powder
2 level tbsps. flour
Salt to taste

Soak rice in water for four hours. Boil in salted water with a few cardamoms, cinnamons sticks and cloves. Drain — keep aside before it is fully cooked. Fry raisins and cashewnuts in ghee until light brown. Drain and keep aside. Fry onions in same ghee until golden brown. Add ginger garlic paste. Fry for two minutes. Add green chillis, tomatoes, chilli powder, turmeric powder, chopped mint and coriander leaves, powdered spices, curds, lemon juice, salt to taste and fry for five minutes. Add fish and stir. Cook for five minutes. Mix rice, fried raisins and nuts and keep aside.

FOR THE BUNDLES:

Sift flour with salt and baking soda. Rub butter into flour, add beaten eggs, pepper, and salt and lemon juice. Make dough as for pastry. Make twelve small balls. Roll on board slightly. Fill each with biryani dividing it into equal portions. Fold it like a bundle, seal edges, deep fry in refined oil.

FOR THE SAUCE:

Heat butter in a sauce pan. Stir flour, pepper and salt. Add milk very gradually stirring continuously. Add ground shrimps. Remove from fire, add grated cheese. Stir until cheese dissolves. Pour sauce in a large serving dish. Place biryani bundles in the sauce. Garnish with sliced tomatoes and onion rings. Serve hot.

Mrs. T. D. Bharucha, Bombay.

BAKED FISH WITH BRINJALS

1 kg boned fish
½ brinjal, peeled and sliced
2 tbsps. oil
2 medium sized onion, sliced
1½ tbsp. capsicum, chopped
½ tsp. shahjeera
½ cup boiled rice
¼ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. salt
2 red tomatoes, sliced
2 cloves
¼ cup water
1½ tbsp. lemon juice
1 tbsp. butter

Fry the brinjal slices in smoking hot oil until light brown. Place in a baking dish. Lightly fry the onions. Place over the brinjal slices. Combine capsicum, shahjeera and rice and spread over the onions. Sprinkle the fish flakes with seasonings then place on top of the rice layer. Add tomatoes, cloves, water and lemon juice and dot with butter. Cover and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Remove the cover. Bake for another 10 minutes.

Mrs. Thresiamma Varghese Kerala.

MUTTON SPECIAL

½ kg mutton (boneless)
1 potato
1½ tsps. pepper powder
3 cloves, powdered
2 pieces cinnamon, powdered
3 cardamon, powdered
1 piece ginger, crushed
1 small pod garlic, crushed
4 green chillis, crushed
2 small onions, sliced
1 tsp. soya sauce
1 tsp. flour
Vinegar and salt to taste
2 tsps. coconut oil

Clean and cut meat into 2" x 2" pieces. Chop one side of the mutton pieces with the sharper side of the knife (without separating the meat into pieces). Put crushed spices, one sliced onion and masala powder. Add soya sauce, vinegar, salt and water. Cook well. Take out mutton pieces and fry in oil.

Saute the remaining sliced onion, add flour and mix well. Then pour the gravy in it and boil. Add fried mutton pieces. Cook well.

1 weekly winner

Miss Iqbal Kaur of Hyderabad wins Rs. 50 for this week's best recipe plus a non-stick coated 7" Cake Mould from Trupti Industries and a gift hamper from Weikfield.

GOLDEN AGE FRIED CHICKEN

2 kg chicken, cut in pieces
1 carrot
1 medium onion
2 cups flour
3 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1 egg
1½ cups milk
Fat
1 tsp. flour

Put the chicken pieces into boiling, salted water. Add carrot and onion and simmer over low heat until chicken is tender. Remove the chicken and let it dry. Keep the stock and vegetables aside. Sift two cups flour with baking powder and salt. Combine the egg with milk, beat well and stir into flour. Make a batter of this mixture. Dip chicken pieces into this batter and deep fry in fat until chicken is golden brown. Remove and keep warm. Chop the cooked carrot and onion. Put in fat left from the fried chicken, add one teaspoon flour and stir over low heat until brown. Add enough chicken stock to make a desired quantity of gravy. Pour over chicken and serve.

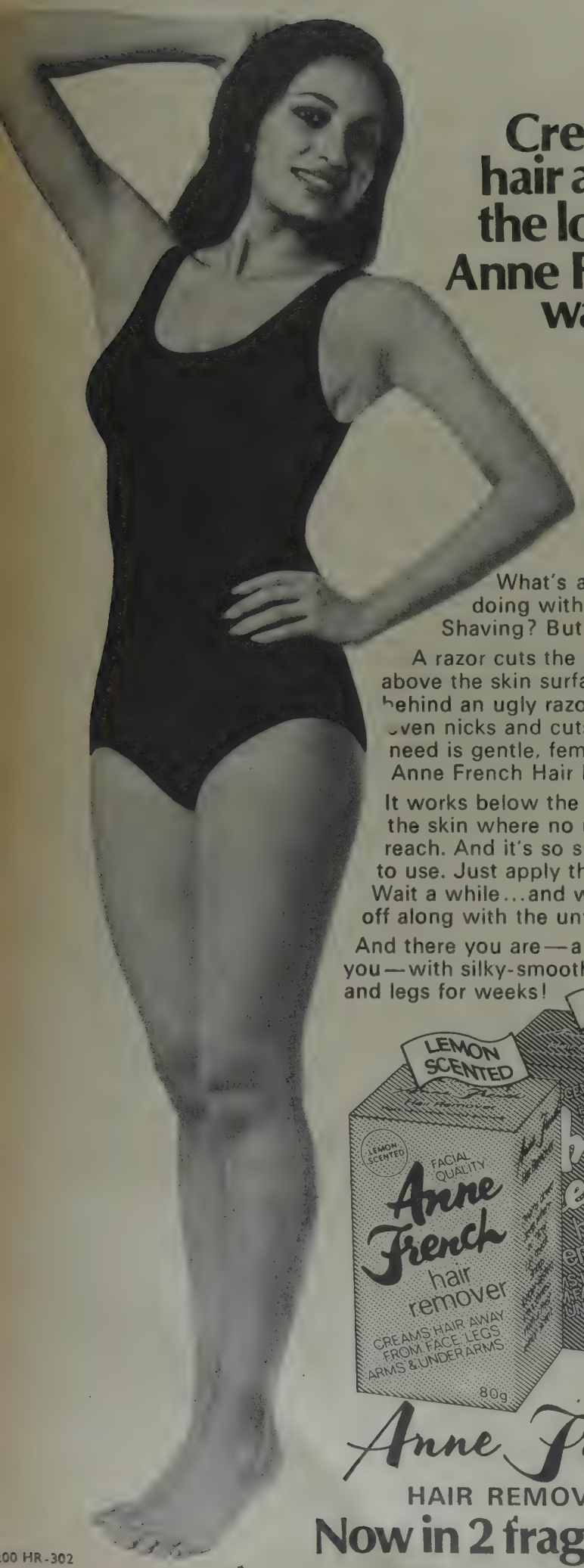
COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine or any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

Leave that razor alone!



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Only Halo Shampoos have the perfectly balanced formula

WOMEN LIC AGENTS: profit with public service

Saeeda Peermahomed

Selling insurance policies is no picnic, but it yields rich rewards, and it is truly an essential public service which has saved many families from want

So many woman working together, no quarrels, no arguments! This is against the nature of women as usually depicted in legends and novels. Yet in one area they are like a happy family together. They like doing the same type of work even if they have to compete with one another.

This is in the Ladies Branch of the Life Insurance Corporation of India which has working for it only women insurance agents. It came into being in 1962 due to the efforts of Mrs. A. Roy. This is the only branch of its kind in India and is so completely female that even the staff and typists are all women.

I met a number of agents (women of course!) who exuded confidence in themselves and optimism for the future.

"We are like one big happy family here," said Mrs. M. Mote who is the manager of this branch (number 904). She was the first development officer of this branch. Mrs. Mote has been working with the LIC for the past 16 years.

Mrs. M. Pillai, a development officer, explained how this branch came into existence. "It was born out of a need to give gainful employment to women from conservative families, who preferred to work only with and among women."

Most of the agents chose this career because of its extreme flexibility. An agent can devote as much time as he or she wants — on some days she may work harder, on other days not at all. As Miss Lajmi, an agent, put it, "The greatest advantage of this job is that we can be masters of ourselves."

An agent can work anywhere in India and so when the husband is transferred, there is no tug-of-war for the woman about leaving her job, as is the case in other professions.

The minimum qualification required for an agent is matriculation. There is also a short ten-to-fifteen days' training scheme which has been made compulsory since the last two years. Mrs. Kumar, another agent, felt that if the agent was a graduate it would make it easier for her to deal with all types of people including sophisticated clients.

Besides the educational qualification, a host of other personal qualities are required: perseverance, patience, a smiling countenance and a cooperative nature. She should be able to mix with people from all walks of life and have a sociable nature.

Miss J. Lajmi has been in this career since 1959 and was able to establish herself as an agent within six months. She built up her clientele by approaching her school and college friends in the beginning and persuading them of the importance of life insurance. Later, she visited offices, trying to sell the various policies. Miss Lajmi feels that it is easier to sell policies to doctors, lawyers and teachers.

"The agents classify people into two categories — prospects and suspects. Prospects are people who are likely to buy policies and suspects are those who are unlikely to do so." Once the agents have decided that a person is a prospect, then they may approach him four or five times, till they have sold the policy.

"The type of policy sold to a person depends on the needs of the individual," continued Miss Lajmi.

A full time agent and in the profession for over 30 years, Mrs. Z. Currimbhoy is highly respected by the other agents who often come to her for advice. "It is a rewarding career, though not very remunerative." If one wants to be a success, then she recommends it as a full time job, coupled with hard work.

Mrs. Currimbhoy sees this job as a form of service to humanity — a kind of social work, encouraging people to insure themselves so that they benefit in their life time, and their family does after they have gone. For this, an agent has to be unselfish and devoted to her work.

Mrs. Currimbhoy continued, "I thoroughly enjoy my vocation. If I have to live again, I shall again be a life insurance agent. The respect and warmth extended to me by my clients on the one hand and the LIC on the other, is itself a tremendous reward to me.

"There are three purposes of life insurance. Firstly, it insures life. Secondly, it develops a compulsory saving habit among the people. Lastly, the premiums help save income tax, wealth tax and estate duty."

Mrs. U. Kumar became an agent 12 years ago. She was encouraged to take up this career by her husband who is in general insurance.

The Endowment Assurance Policy, according to Mrs. Kumar, is the most beneficial for the policy holder as well as the agent. An agent has to sell a minimum number of 12 policies totalling Rs. one lakh a year in order to continue as an agent.

Mrs. M. Savant was introduced to the idea of becoming a life insurance agent in a most unusual way. After listening to a radio programme in Marathi on the importance of life insurance and the need for more women agents, she was inspired to dedicate her free time to this profitable pursuit. And so she became an agent three years ago.

Mrs. Savant has been trying to encourage the poorer people to take out policies, according to their capacity, however small. She finds it more gratifying to explain the importance of saving to the uneducated and illiterate and is greatly impresed by the gratitude and respect with which these people have come to regard her.

One of the first agents to join the Ladies Branch 16 years ago, Mrs. Writer at first worked part-time. Later it became a full-time vocation. "We get to know many people, sometimes influential persons, and we can make many friends as life insurance agents."

From the agent's point of view, Mrs. Writer adds, "We build an estate for ourselves. Even if we do not work for years and years, we still get an income of our own. Which firm or office or factory gives us anything like this?" Then she continued, "We must complete five years as an agent to get renewal commission. If we work for an additional five years, then after us, our children and their children get the commission. So you see how beneficial it is to be an agent."

Mrs. Writer feels that it is easier to deal with complete illiterates than with semi-illiterates who have a tendency to argue!

Mrs. M. Pillai has been a development officer of the Ladies Branch for the past 14 years. The main functions of the development officers are to recruit and train agents and develop business through the agents. A development officer has a number of agents under her, usually around twenty. At present there are 180 agents and eight development officers in the Ladies Branch.

A development officer should be a graduate and not more than 40 years old. She is a regular employee of the LIC and so has to work fixed hours. A development officer is generally required to become an agent for six months before being accepted. There is also a one-and-a-half-month-course conducted by the LIC for training development officers.

There are two types of agents — direct and those under development officers. Usually a fresh recruit is guided by a development officer and after a few years may become a direct agent.

One of the controversial points regarding life insurance policies is that a few agents are said to offer rebates in order to sell more policies. Before nationalization, individual insurance companies used to give different amounts of rebate to lure clients to take out a policy with them. Acording to one agent, it is the clients who ask for rebate before buying the policy. If this is to be stopped, the people have to change their attitude of expecting a rebate.

On the other hand, as each agent has to complete a quota of insuring a minimum of twelve lives a year for a total of Rs. one lakh, when the end of the year draws near the agent feels tempted to offer rebates to meet the quota. If she does not complete the full quota then she does not get any commission on the lives she has already insured. It may also be stressed that the rebate is given out of the commission the agent earns and therefore from her own money, so she should be allowed to give it if she wants.

All the agents agreed that after sales service to the policy holder is very important. In a way the agents also benefit as it assures them more business in future.

Mrs. Writer enthusiastically proclaimed, "This is an incomparably good profession." From a working woman's point of view this may be true. The career is especially beneficial as it enables a woman to earn her own living without having to neglect her home. Women agents are the best messengers of economic security to the numberless families of our vast country, where no national scheme of social security exists.

'Mummy,
I'm 3 months old
already!'

'Yes,it's time to start

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A mother's tears
can't save her child.

Your blood can.

A matter of life and death

Somewhere, someone's child is dying. A promising life. About to be cut short tragically. By accident. Or by illness.

Tears won't help. Neither will pity. Only a miracle can save him now.

Or your blood.

Don't be afraid to give your blood

You won't become weak. Your body fully replaces the 300 cc of blood donated, within a couple of weeks.

There's no pain, it feels like a pin-prick. It takes only about half an hour of your time and you can go back to work in a few minutes.

Give your blood. Save a life. Today.

YOUR BLOOD
OR HIS LIFE

Composing songs that are both simple and convincing

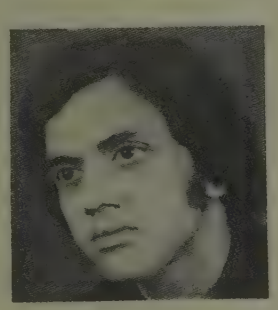
Oswald R. Pereira

YOUNG FOLK-STYLE SINGERS

CEDRIC SERPES

Two summers had flown
It took one more to bring
The breaking of air by the clap of her wings.

The beach was all bare
As the back of a hand
But she wound some black feathers
And some bones in the sand.



These lines from a ballad **Down by the Sea** written by Cedric Serpes are simple but full of feeling. Cedric has set it to music and sings it in the folk style. He has been writing poetry and has been singing right from his school days. Over the years, Cedric has developed this "feeling" for music and poetry. For him, writing a good song means writing good poetry. "Good music automatically becomes good poetry," he says.

I can see a pale moon rising
Above a hungry sea
There are lovers who are silent
They could be you or me.
Go down to the sea-shore
Listen to the sea
And if the waters talk to you
You'd end up just like me.

From **Listening to the Rain**

One cannot fail to notice the intense poetry and the depth in the simplicity of his verse.

Cedric has sung at the Xavier Rock at Birla and at the I.I.T. Winter Festival. But he is better known at poetry reading sessions (at Max Mueller, St. Xavier's College, Bombay University), where, if he is not reading his poems, he sings his own compositions.

Cedric is in his element when he is doing folk-style songs. Folk music is simple and convincing, he says. It is this basic simplicity in folk music and folk-style singing, where there is one simple thought, that appeals to him.

A copywriter by profession, Cedric's poems have appeared in several magazines. He finds it difficult to name his first love — music or poetry. "In my songs I attempt to

ature and painting, giving it a quality of timelessness."

"Whom do you write your songs for?" I asked.

He shrugs: "For the wind...Vayu."

SHARON PRABHAKAR

You cannot help loving Sharon. She is friendly and ebullient. She establishes an instant rapport with you and wants to fight all your battles for you, too.

You could only expect a vivacious young woman like her to try her hand at many things. She has worked as copywriter, air hostess and managing editor of a magazine. Now she has decided to stick to modelling, writing TV commercials and Radio Spots. Sharon has produced cassettes of nursery rhymes and multiplication tables and is now busy with fairy tales. All these will be in the market shortly.

In folk-style singing the guitar is played by the singer. Though Sharon loves folk-style singing, she finds the guitar restricts her movements on stage, which are very important for expressing herself and conveying the right mood. Hence, on stage Sharon has switched over to rock of late. But she still does folk-style singing at home, at small gatherings and parties.

It all started with her mother, a music teacher who taught her the piano. When Sharon did the theme song of "Godspell", "Day By Day", it was a big break for her. She has never looked back ever since.

You forget yourself listening to her soft, soothing voice. You would want her to sing "And In My Mind You're Beautiful" (one of her own compositions) seven times over. Right now she is writing a tender song on Elvis Presley whom she adored. Snooty or self-complacent? No, not Sharon. She is learning the guitar anew, this songwriter who would pinch your handkerchief or napkin at dinner to write a song on if she got the urge.

REMO FERNANDES

Remo Fernandes is a young singer and musician from Goa who does folk-style singing besides rock. A graduate in Architecture from the J.J. School of Art, he plays the guitar, the flute and the electric piano. In his home town, he has sung at all the folk shows, beat shows, Mandov Shows and on A.I.R. At the recent Electric Haze in Bombay, Remo created quite a hit with his flute and raga-rock. In fact, what Remo lacks in quality of voice, he makes up with his superb and fascinating music.

Remo writes songs in English and Portuguese and sets them to music. His songs are

in keeping with his versatility he also writes protest songs interlaced with humour.

During the emergency, Remo composed a political song and sang it in the folk-style without fear of being arrested.

Politician, politician, you may think
You're a big magician
But you don't worry too much over dead men's souls
When your roads are full of holes.
Now you may come tomorrow
And take me under MISA
But I won't care
I'll smile like Mona Lisa
And if you put me in a cell
Just put my guitar in as well.

Remo has a grouse about rock and folk-singing in India. He does not like our singers aping the West. "The audiences expect you to play according to what's on the record. If a particular song is a hit abroad, people here rave about it, expecting you to do the same song in the same way and with the same degree of perfection. There is hardly any scope to be creative and do your own songs."

So that folk-singing may not become stale, Remo suggests themes that reflect the changing times, rather than old, hackneyed ones.

RONNIE DESAI

Ronnie Desai is one of the most popular folk-style singers of Bombay. He is the affable boy next door, who develops an instant rapport with the audience. Other singers have to put up with the whimsical booing of the audience, but Ronnie has had to put up with such behaviour on very few occasions. Ronnie has sung at Bombay, Calcutta, Goa and Bangalore and got rousing ovations.

Ronnie manages to cover his blemishes in playing and singing with his funny verse. And his audiences love it.

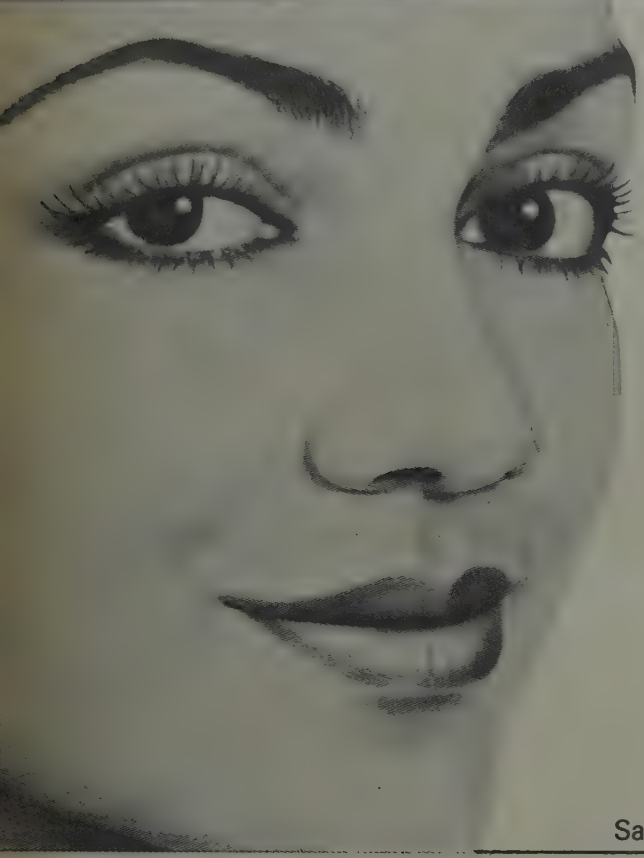
So I went down to Moscow
I was walking down Red Square
A policeman out there,
Asked me to cut off my hair
And I politely inquired where?
He said "in the saloon down there."
I told him "if you don't like
My hair you're a real red square."

"I like to do songs that are entertaining and funny," he says. "I don't like personal songs. Some of my songs make light of the theme of love. My love songs are not the common type of love songs; they are not sentimental. Then some of my songs are not tuneful, they are rather spoken to music.

"I don't believe that a folk song need be relevant," he adds.

If a tired, unhealthy complexion greets you each morning...

it's because of impure, unhealthy blood.



Rakta Doshantak

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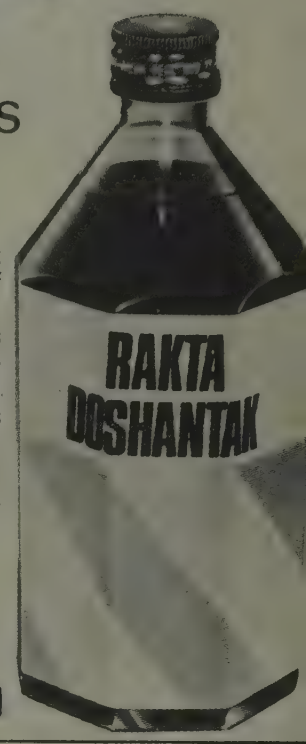
Using the goodness and potent curative properties of a host of natural ingredients, Rakta Doshantak works naturally, revitalising the body's delicate blood purifying mechanisms... In just 20 days your blood is pure and healthy. And you'll see and feel the difference—a clear, radiant complexion.



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Try on one today. All you'll never want any other.

H. P. TEXTILE MILLS

IMPACT

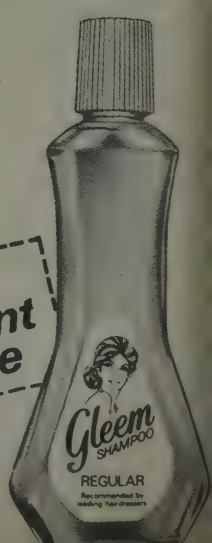
Miss Jenny Lee of Silhouette Beauty Parlour, New Delhi, says:

'Because each one's hair is different, I rely on Gleem. Its range of Shampoos is created to look after special kinds of hair'

Each Gleem variety complements your kind of hair with its special ingredients, rich lather, lingering French perfume and long-lasting economy.

Gleem Regular	Gleem Egg	Gleem Tonic
Makes normal, healthy hair silky, clean, manageable	Nourishes lifeless hair to give it luxuriant body and health with pure egg protein	Cleans problem hair, loose scales, itchy scalp

NOW also in a convenient 60 ml size



Gleem recommended by leading hair

G-47 B

beauty bulletin

HAIR PROBLEM

I am 22 and have a hair problem. I have short hair and I part it in the centre. The tuft of hair at the parting ends never lie flat, no matter what I do. Can you suggest a remedy?

P. K. (Bombay)

This is troublesome sometimes as the hair is always standing away from the head. Have you tried using a setting lotion and then combing a new parting? Have a slightly diagonal parting and see if this helps.

TRY THESE EXERCISES

I am 24 and have an attractive figure and sharp features. But my problem is my bustline — it is only 31". I have tried hard to develop it but to no avail. Please suggest some exercises which will help to develop it.

H. S. L. (Trivandrum)

Here are some exercises for you to try. But you should do them regularly for a couple of months till you see results.

FOR A BEAUTIFUL BUSTLINE

1. Lie face down on floor, arms bent at shoulder level, legs together and extended, with toes turned under to act as a brace. Keeping a straight line from the head through body and legs, push up from the floor with your head and toes until your arms are in a straight line. Letting the arms bend again at the shoulder, slowly lower your body and legs, still in a straight line, until you are resting on the floor. Repeat 15 times.

2. Stand and bend shoulders at shoulder level let fingerips touch in front of chest. Draw elbows back, pulling sharply against shoulder blades, then bring them forward, touching fingertips again. Draw elbows back simultaneously. Do 10 times. Then draw each elbow back separately. Do 10 times.

3. Stand straight, holding books of equal weight (other weights can be substituted) in each hand. Raise arms out and up, keeping them straight until they are straight overhead. Hold, then slowly spread arms out at sides until you return to the starting position. Gradually work up to 10 times.

Swimming, especially the breast stroke, will also help. And remember always to wear a well-fitting bra that gives a firm support to the breasts.

THIN LIPS

My lips are too thin. Can I make them appear fuller with the help of a lipstick?

I have another problem. My nails are square — how should I apply the nail polish?

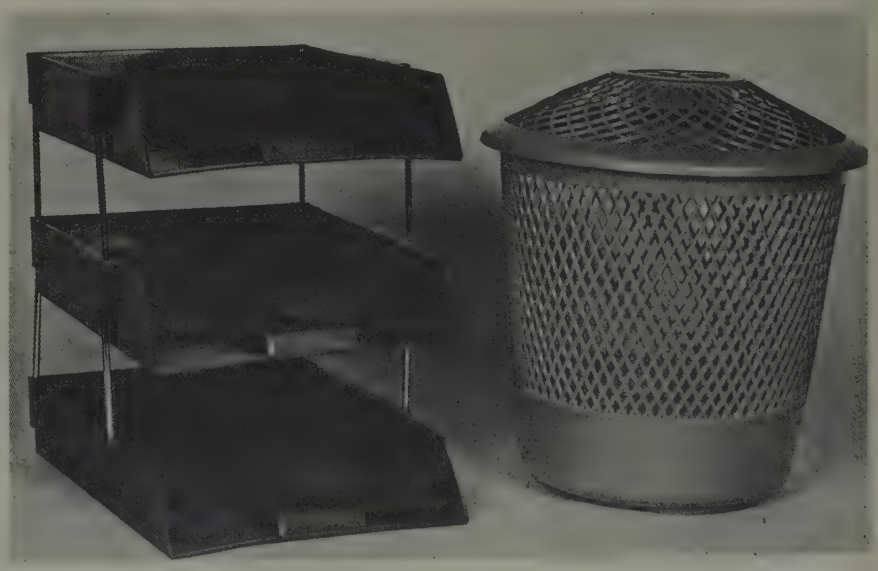
M.V.K. (Cochin)

Using a lip brush draw a very thin line extending slightly beyond the natural line, at the corners of the lips too. Then fill in with colour from the tube. Make sure that your lipstick is uniformly heavy.

If your nails have a square base, do not apply polish to the corners at the base. And if your nails have square tips, fill in the base with polish and paint the tips in an arc, leaving corners unpolished.

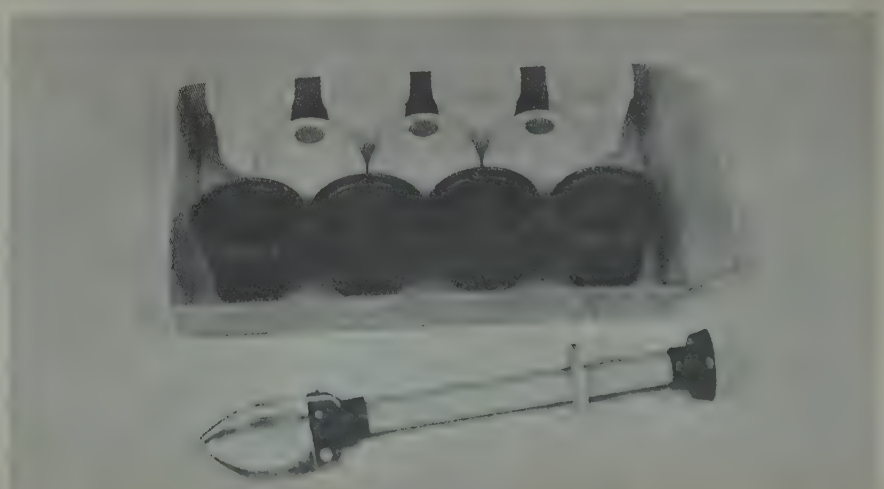
what's new?

RIGHT: Practical as well as attractive are these items in plastic introduced by Prince Plastics, Bombay. The file/letter rack is collapsible (Rs. 8.25). The waste paper basket has an eye-catching design (Rs. 12.25). Can be had in several colours. At leading stores.



Looking for some smart shopping bags? Shown here are a few in different designs, in plastic in crushed leather finish (Rs. 7.50 onwards). Harrissons, 9, Lohar Chawl.

BELOW: Some interesting products in plastic manufactured by Bimbo International, Bombay. The ice tray consists of moulds for ice cream, kulfi or ice cubes (Rs. 10.50). To pick up ice cubes conveniently is the handy Ice Pick (Rs. 9). At leading stores.



Don't treat burns like other injuries.

Burns are different. Burns smart more intensely. Burns blister. They need an antiseptic that soothes instantly, an antiseptic that stops the blistering and starts the healing. They need Burnol.

Burnol is well known for its quick cooling, soothing action. Burnol antiseptic cream contains what a burn needs to get well fast. Always keep Burnol at home. It's your burns specialist.

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The burns specialist.

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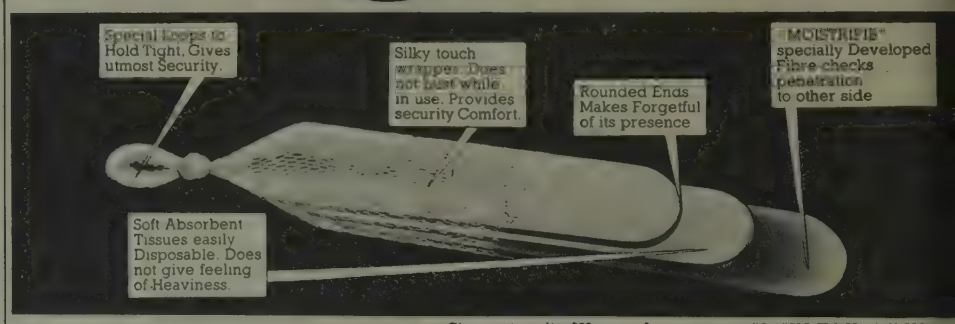
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APEX. K/78

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- KLIN is provided with loo on both end. It holds Tig and affords better confide
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this week for you

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

It's a money-making year! You'll get profit from something you enjoy doing, also have several strokes of luck — right out of the blue. Your social popularity will reach a new high and friends will spoil you, also help you. Romance is well starred, with March/April 1979 your only doubtful period. Don't chance your luck too far then, in any direction. A minor problem will concern a relative of about your own age or a neighbour — but you will be inclined to make too much of this. If you have changes in mind, push on with these now, rather than later. If married, the successes of your partner and a youngster in the family will be rewarding.

For the week Oct. 8 — 14, 1978

John Naylor

ARIES (Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)

Folks might not be too easy to understand but you could be over-sensitive yourself just now. Anyway, problems are over now and you have good times ahead. You will soon wonder what you were so harassed about! A rather loving week — and a spot of money luck will cheer you.

TAURUS (Apr. 21 — May 21)

You are in a strenuous period, won't find much time to relax unless you organise well; life will have its little problems for a time. Nervous tension will develop if you take things too seriously, complications too, if you let your restless urges take you along a doubtful trail in romance.

GEMINI (May 22 — June 21)

The accent is on romance and fun, with new faces around. Yet, don't be too eager to form a serious link. Take all the happiness that offers, cultivate a light-hearted approach to life and people. It's a good time to join a club, to explore unusual hobbies which stimulate.

CANCER (June 22 — July 23)

See you always show yourself in the best possible light; go after what you want with confidence. It's happiness time if you are positive and keep your sparkle! Lucky and loving stars affect all you do but especially influence romance and social life — and minor cash matters.

LEO (July 24 — Aug. 23)

Happy news in the family circle will lead to a celebration — and you will be playing a leading role, probably! A lively and amusing week when new people enter your scene and a super romance will begin if you are in the mood. A good time to buy mail order goods, to get correspondence up to date.

VIRGO (Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Seek the limelight, get around more! There is opportunity to sample new delights, to make some super friendships. Remember that you sometimes cling to old ideas and relationships for too long. Money trends are high but avoid the early part of the week for buying either home or personal goods.

LIBRA (Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

It will be a super week for romance and fun — but a restless one in other areas. You can't have everything just now and if you want to be into something really new you only have to wait on events. Be responsive to your love; he's in an affectionate and 'giving' mood.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

Social activities, romance, family life and friendships — all great this week and chances to do something new and inspiring, jobwise. Yet, you may not know quite what you want, for there are so many promising trails, fascinating glimpses of other, wider, scenes. Relax and take the fun that offers!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

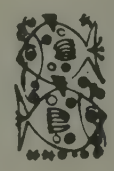
If considering big changes, you will do better in a few weeks' time, when vigorous stars will be aiding your hopes and wishes. In any case, your ideas could change quite suddenly! Just now, the scene is set for fun and frolic and you will soon be part of a new social group.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

You are right if you have the happy feeling that everything is working out for you now. Yet, don't expect much action this week and, in most things, let others call the tune for a time. Your cash position should have improved, so treat yourself to something pretty, frivolous — and extravagant!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Travel and some helpful changes are indicated; it is a time to consider where you are going — and why! Yet, don't get drawn too much into serious issues; there's a carefree social scene to enthrall you, some happy meetings, an amusing, perhaps lucky, encounter to look forward to.



PISCES (Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

You are easy-going, too trusting sometimes — and a charmer you meet this week won't be quite all he seems! Yet, he will bring fun and flattery, give you a pleasing ego-boost. The time is right for other happy relationships to begin, so keep yourself flexible — and free!

next week

Eve's Weekly

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 14, 1978

THE PLIGHT OF RURAL SCHOOLS

The problems of city schools and urban teachers and students seem bad enough, but they definitely pale in the face of the odds the school authorities, teachers and students in the rural areas have to contend with. A report on the problems of rural schools.

GANDHINAGAR

Leprosy need no longer be the dreaded disease that forced affected persons in the olden days into a life of utter isolation and misery. However, many people even today remain ignorant about the facts of the disease and continue to isolate leprosy-affected persons by refusing to allow them to participate in the mainstream of life. Gandhinagar is a township built up by these needlessly rejected persons. The story of how they have made their own lives.

Plus all our regular features.

people and events

ABOVE: Mita Parekh seen with chief guest Nargis Dutt, at her exhibition of exclusively designed clothes and linen held in Bombay.

At the inauguration of the Agnel Gift Garden at the Agnel Ashram, Bombay, by Mrs. Pratibha Pawar, wife of the C.M. of Maharashtra, are seen from left, Fr. Superior, Jaromimo Pereira, Fr. Rodrigues, Mrs. A. Thakoor, Mrs. Pawar, Mrs. Sarah D'Mello, chairman of the organising committee, Mrs. Kamani and Mr. Jerry Saldanha.

RIGHT: Ikebana International's Bombay Chapter held a demonstration in handicrafts by Bai Ma, (centre) a blind artiste. Seen on her right is Mrs. Gopi Lalwani, president, and on her left is Mrs. Shah Bibi.

At the Campa Queen Contest organised by Pure Drinks Pvt. Ltd. in Bombay, are, from left, 1st runner-up Deborah Pereira, Mrs. Charles Singh, general manager, Campa Queen Tina D'Silva, chief guest Asha Sachdev and Lorraine Lewis, 2nd runner-up.

Miss Prititi Punja seen with her gurus Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Krishna Rao (at her right) and her parents Mr. and Mrs. Punja, after her Bharata Natya Ranga Pravesham in Bangalore.

At the "Fair & Lovely Happening" organised by the makers of Fair & Lovely skin-fair cream at Nagpur, a fashion show-cum-beauty contest was presented by Mrs. Ruby Guzdar. Seen from left are, Mr. Nagraj of Hindustan Lever, Mr. Val Franklin, Miss Kavita Ahuja, 2nd runner-up, Miss Gurmat Virdi, Fair & Lovely Queen, Mr. H. C. Almeida, Police Commissioner, Nagpur, and Miss Gulshan Guldu, first runner-up.

Nupur Mitra (centre) with the models who displayed her batik sarees at a fashion show held in Calcutta.

bombay

Kabari, the renowned fashion designers of Calcutta, will hold an exhibition of their exclusive printed silk, satin and cotton sarees along with the choicest Bengal handloom sarees, at the Cymroza Art Gallery, from October 9 to 12.

* * *

Andheri Jaycees executed various projects with special accent on youth befitting the Jaycee theme "Youth Our Future", during the Jaycee Week September 10-15.

Swami Nirmoyananda, President of Ramakrishna Mission, inaugurated the Children's Park gifted by Andheri Jaycees to the children of Adivasis at Sakvar, 80 kms. away from Bombay. This park will benefit Adivasi children living in 16 villages.

Mr. Ramineni Somaiah, National Chairman of Project Concern, was the moving spirit behind this commendable project.

* * *

Sachin Shankar and his Ballet Unit have completed 25 years in the world of entertainment, producing Indian dance ballets on various contemporary and purposeful themes.

The Unit plans to celebrate the silver jubilee year through its performances all over the country. Their programme is tentatively scheduled to start in October 1978 at Ahmedabad, Surat and Baroda, to be followed by shows in Bombay in November and in December at Madras, Bangalore & Kerala.

Besides their 15 full length popular dance ballets and about 50 colourful short dance items, they have a few not-so-well-known ones.

* * *

Inaugurating the Agnel Gift Garden, at Agnel Ashram grounds, Bandra, Mrs. Pratibha Pawar, wife of Maharashtra's Chief Minister said. "It is a permanent need to instil in the boys love and patriotism for the Motherland. I am happy that your Ashram is sincerely working in that direction."

Mrs. Sarah D'Mello, chairman of the organising committee, expressed the hope that the presence of Mrs. Pawar will mark a new phase in the development of the Institution; namely the acquisition of the adjoining land and accomplishment of a Boys' Town for 1000 boys of all communities, a Dharamshala for visitors to the city and a home for the aged.

* * *

Paragon Textile Mills presented their latest selection of fabrics for the Diwali season at a well-attended function held at the Oberoi Sheraton. For the occasion, a dazzling audio-visual show was specially prepared. The theme of the show was "Art — an inspiration at Paragon". Paragon's new advertisement film — "Fashion Frontier" — was also previewed at the function.

calcutta

Nupur Mitra held her third Batik exhibition in Calcutta. The first two, held in '70 and '71, received rave notices for her innovative experiments in this art. Nupur uses bold designs blended with rich and unusual colour combinations, to harmonize the traditional Batik art with modern fashion trends.

Her exhibits included sarees in silk and cotton, fabric for dresses, bucquders, ghagras, panels as well as Batik patchwork.

* * *

The Utsahi Club of the North Calcutta Women's Association, held their 10th Handicrafts Exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts. The unusual weaves of Bengal handloom sarees, matching bags and accessories made it an interesting bazaar.

Mrs. Sova Sen, the well-known actress of the Bengali stage and screen, and wife of playwright and director/actor Utpal Sen, opened the exhibition.

* * *

At the Physique Pageant organised by the Y.M.C.A., Chowringhee Road Branch, several fascinating items of Kung Fu and gymnastics were demonstrated by girls. The acrobatics of Rupa Santra, the champion of the West Bengal Schools, the young Chinese girls displaying the Chinese art of free-hand combat and the balancing acts by other young girls enthralled the audience.

madras

Dr. A. Alagappan addressed the Institute of Public Relations and Management on the Public Relations of Temple Building in New York. Dr. Alagappan was actively involved in the building of the new Hindu Temple in New York, and other temples being opened in Houston, Pittsburgh and other places. Mr. Narayanaswamy welcomed the gathering while Mr. Gopalakrishnan proposed a vote of thanks.

* * *

The Youth Wing of the Y.W.C.A. organised a delightful fashion show, "Fashions Round the Season". The outfits displayed were casual wear, dresses and sarees. Credit for the success of the show went to the lively and energetic Chairman of the Youth Club, Mrs. Romola Thomas.

* * *

The Navajyothi Trust will be commencing its programme for the rehabilitation of the mentally retarded very shortly. In this conection, a press conference was held at the Hotel Ashoka, at which Mr. D. J. K. Cornelius, Honorary Director and Trustee outlined the programme. Initially, a sheltered workshop with a few trainees has been planned.

ootacamund

Samskar Niketan, a residential finishing-school for girls, under the directorship of Mrs. Rachel Philip, was inaugurated at Beverley by Mrs. Shaku Devagnanam, wife of the Managing Director of Needle Industries, Ketti, Mr. Theo Devagnanam. The inaugural function was largely attended. The finishing-school, the first of its kind in Ooty, offers a wide range of subjects and special courses like riding, rowing, driving, golf. Samskar Niketan is sure to lend a new dimension to the academic and cultural life of Ooty.

kerala

The Ladies' Recreation Club, Girinagar, Ernakulam, celebrated Onam at the T.D.M. Hall, Ernakulam.

A colourful floral design in the centre of the Hall, of a woman with a lighted lamp in her hand, attracted wide attention. A traditional lamp placed near it was lit by the chief guest, Justice Janaki Amma, to inaugurate the function.

The highlight of the day was the ballet "Mahabali" staged by the members of the Club. The legend behind the annual celebration of Onam was beautifully presented. "Kaikottikkali", an ancient dance form of Kerala, was also presented.

* * *

As part of its development programme, the Cheshire Home in Trivandrum opened a dispensary and clinical laboratory, a small scale industrial unit and an assembly wing of the Keltron. The dispensary and clinical laboratory was inaugurated by Kerala Governor Mrs. Jyothi Venkatachalam.

world of eve

ZAREEN LAM

Zareen Lam is the recipient of a scholarship to study for her Master's Degree in Education, specialising in Guidance and Counselling, at the University of Denver, Colorado, USA.

Zareen stood First Class First in M.Ed. in the Pune University. She got 98 per cent in the GRE (Graduate Record Examination). She is the recipient of innumerable awards. She got a Special University Certificate of Merit for standing second in B.Ed; a Special Medal from Tilak College of Education for her performance in B.Ed; the Government of India National Merit Scholarship, the Patankar Prize for standing first in the School Administration and Organisation Paper in B.Ed; the Lokamanya Tilak prize for M.Ed; and the Principal Sakaram Raoji Bhat prize for M.Ed.

Zareen is fond of debating, dramatics, writing, sports, cooking, flower arrangement and music!

Zareen was a guest lecturer in German at the University and worked as interpreter and translator (German/English) in various firms.

UMA WADHWA

On August 18, Uma Wadhwa became the first woman Paul Harris Fellow in Delhi, and the second in Rotary District 309, comprising Delhi, Punjab, Haryana, Himachal Pradesh and Kashmir.

In Delhi since 1974, this very unpretentious young woman has been doing good work in the slums. She organises the distribution of sweets at festivals to orphanages, and of blankets to old and poor people in winter.

Uma has worked for ten years in Calcutta, where she was a member of the Indian Association of Women. Uma was also a member of the Society for Protection of Children of India, and has been the President of the Rotary Club, Calcutta. As executive member of the Women's Voluntary Service and on the Executive Committee of the Red Cross, Uma also worked for two years with Mother Teresa.

A prize-winning painter, Uma is widely travelled.

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